

SPY

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TO...FRANCE?

Nuclear Family
Meltdown

Extreme Haggling
at Barney's

AUGUST 1994

Martha
Stewart

SPY TRACKS
THE DIRT ON
THE QUEEN
OF PRISTINE

Whitey Aphrodite

PLUS: Cruisin' with Kathie Lee

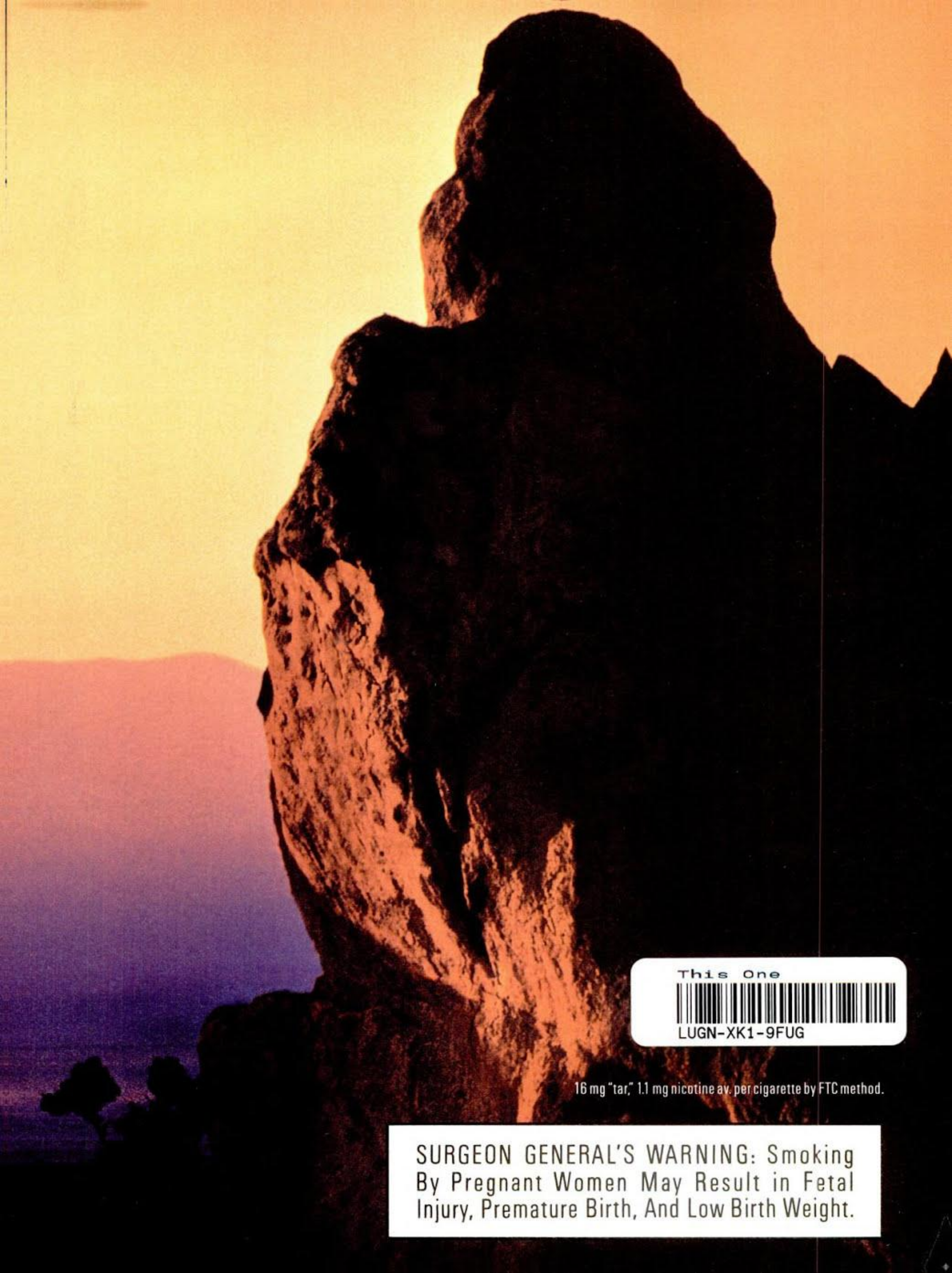


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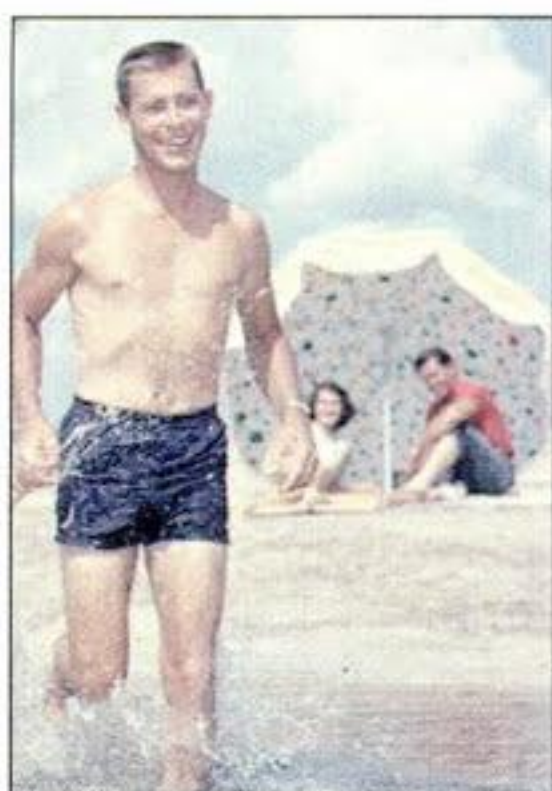


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Features



All in the Family

You can say what you like about Dan Quayle: that he's a fraud, that he's a moron, even that he's crazy-sexycool. But don't suppose for a second that The Little Guy hasn't changed your life. In the four years since Quayle's historic assault on *Murphy Brown*, family values have stunk up every corner of American culture. Lance Gould wishes they would go away.34

Forget Paris? Forget France!

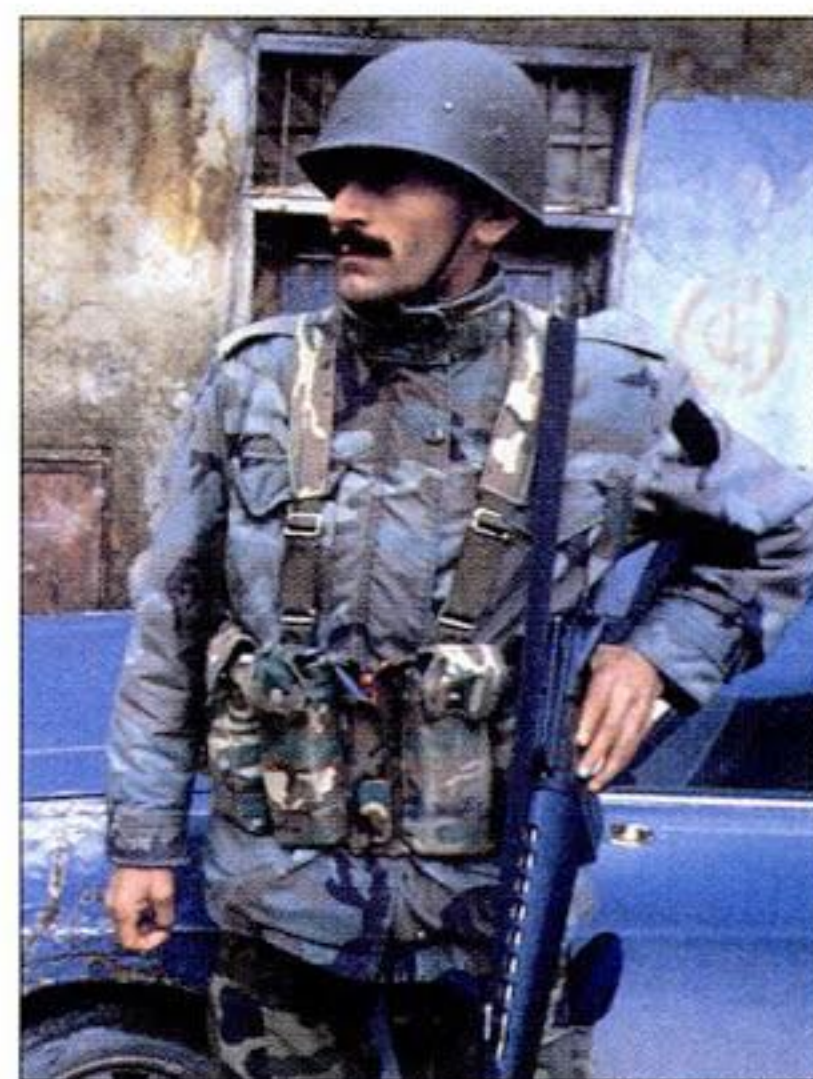
Until the French recently became famous again for detonating nukes in the South Pacific, most people assumed the nation that brought you fries had simply disappeared under a mound of pit-hair, foie gras, and Gauloise-flecked phlegm. Jamie Malanowski combs the international cul-de-sacs and says *Voila!*.40

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Old-fashioned shopping at super-posh stores is for losers. Christine Summer, Devon Alexander, and Emily Hellstrom take haggling to the next level.46

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As the multimedia guru of gracious living, Martha Stewart has made a fortune teaching graceless Americans how to live. But when the camera switches off, so do the charm and the supernatural competence. Greg Easley tracks dirt inside the house of Stewart.50



Guerrillas in the Midst

Even for silver-tongued travel agents, it's hard to sell tourists on a country that's been at war for 15 years. Vernon Silver looks at the pathetic efforts of Lebanon—where shelling isn't confined to the beach—to reestablish itself as a glamorous international destination.58

Photographer: Andreas; Model: Jacqui Andres/Parts; Styling: LJ Looks





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THOSE WHO APPRECIATE QUALITY ENJOY IT RESPONSIBLY.



Columns

Ethics, Inc.

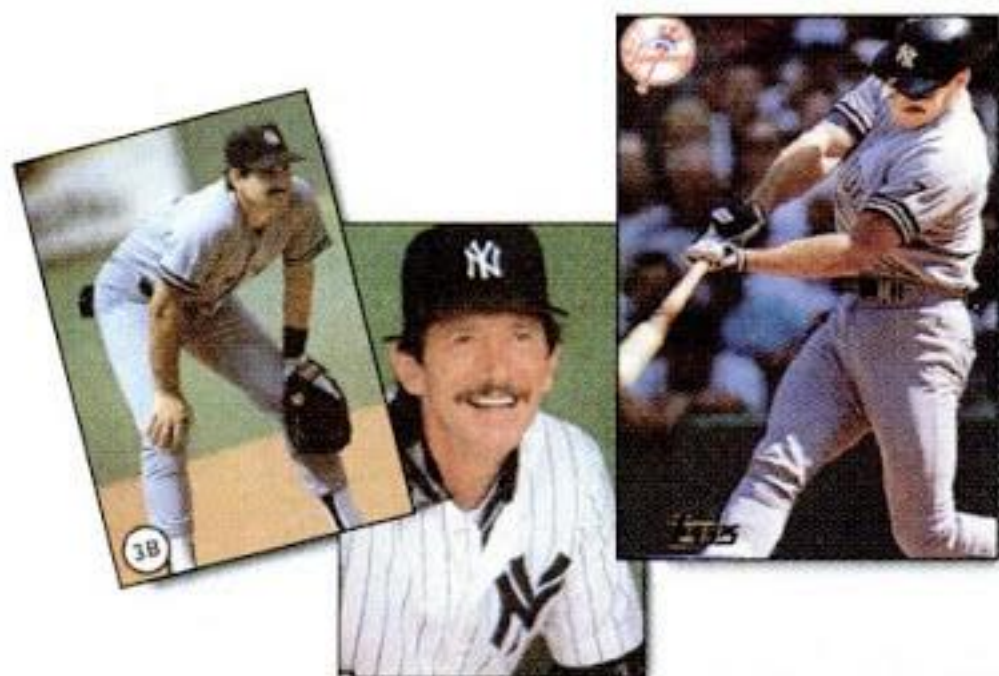
Kathie Lee may sing the praises of Carnival Cruise Lines, but the fact that its ships are registered in war-torn Liberia should make her change her tune. By Lance Gould.28

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The dopey antics of Al Gore's teenage son are an open secret in Washington, but the media refuses to make a scandal out of the Second Stoner. What's going on? Crocker Jarmon examines the great reefer barrier.30

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When your boss muses aloud that "you should have a giant cock shoved up you," does that count as sexual harassment? In Hollywood, discovers C. C. Baxter, it's debatable.32



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Brendan Baber and Eric Spitznagel

Brendan Baber and Eric Spitznagel ("Wimp Off the Old Block," p. 16) are anything-but-timid denizens of Chitown, Illinois. The duo may have to flee to Venezuela, however, as a result of this article on their city's impotent ruler, Mayor Daley *lite*. Then again, what's Daley gonna do, *bug* them to death? Baber and Spitznagel are hard at work on a book on *Baywatch*, a program affectionately known throughout the South American continent as *El Bouncy-Bouncy*.



Emily Hellstrom

Emily Hellstrom ("Let's Make a Deal," p. 46) grew up in New Jersey, where she honed her haggling skills at an early age. Now a resident of Manhattan, she bargains on everything from milk and eggs to thousand-dollar apparel and acting roles. This summer, if you plan to jet over to Edinburgh, Scotland, to haggle over haggis and tripe, you can see Emily at the August Shakespeare festival, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.



Mike Luckovich

Mike Luckovich (illustrator for "Caribbean Queen of Mean," p. 28) lives in the peachy metropolis of Atlanta, Georgia, where he pens the editorial cartoons for the *Atlanta Journal and Constitution*—a gig that won him the 1995 Pulitzer Prize. This job keeps him just a little *too* busy to vacation on any Liberian cruises, or even (sadly) to catch his daily dose of *Live with Regis and Kathie Lee*.



Vernon Silver

Vernon Silver ("Guerillas in the Midst," p. 58) has a penchant for picking dangerous destinations; while this assignment found him lunching in Beirut's Juicy Barbar with teenage terrorists, he has also visited Havana, Saigon, and Haiti—all on SPY's tab. His favorite travel companion is the who bestowed upon him free backstage passes during his (His?) Asian tour, as well as an inside look at the popemobile. Vernon spends his downtime in Cairo, studying hieroglyphics.

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From the SPY Mailroom

IT'S THE UNANIMOUS opinion of the people who work in this mailroom that the prominent No Eating in the Mailroom poster is probably a relic from the days when rogue mail-staffers would, on occasion, actually eat the mail. Back then, the adhesive on envelopes was made from boiled-down cow parts. Staffers were wont to eat even the contents of the packages, especially when sending fruit to ward off the effects of scurvy, smallpox, and the plague was all the rage. In any event, we're lucky that the poster is of another era, 'cause all we seem to do these days is eat. Foamy orange cream puffs, pan-seared goat with kiwi, mutton soufflé with ginger nuggets: it's a binge-and-purge roller coaster from which we'll never dismount until the people who write to SPY stop sending us recipes.

Warren Mass of Richardson, Texas, notes that Texans, generally, tend to "overcook their hamburgers—then compensate for the dryness by slathering on (yuck) mayonnaise." Yuck indeed...here in the mailroom, we lube up *our* burgers with Vaseline. California's Don L. (yuck, he requested anonymity) wrote in, ostensibly, to offer some cultural criticism of Texas but, like everyone else, burbled on incessantly about food. First, he makes fun of Texas's "national dish," the chicken-fried steak. Then he notes that "everything is overcooked [*see* tips above, Don] and deep-fried, even the vegetables." Then he takes off the gloves: "Their barbecue and Mexican food suck royally, too." And he closes by dissing Texas with the near nonsensical simile "kinda like an extra large pizza, but they forgot to put cheese on it."

Finger-Lickin' Good

States of Annoyance

Thank you for informing me of SPY magazine's annoyance ranking [June 1996], wherein Alabama was ranked twenty-fifth. Given Alabama's placement in a number of other categories, it was pleasing to see us at the median place among the 50 states.

I also noticed that Alabama was ranked less annoying than most other Southern states. I have always felt that our state was one of the most hospitable places in both the South and nation; your rankings bear that out.

*Governor Fob James
Montgomery, Alabama*

Who could disagree with your assessment of Texas as the Most Annoying State? I would like to add a few observations:

*Gun fixation: concealed-weapons law allows for 17 million gun-toting Texans.

*Branch Davidians and Waco.

*Former Texas governor Miriam "Ma" Ferguson, decrying bilingual education in her border state, said, "If English was good enough for Jesus, it's good enough for us."

God help us indeed. Where can I send money to the Texas secession movement?

*Steve Colman
Guerneville, California*

Iam a recent subscriber to your magazine. I was astonished to see you list Texas as the worst place to live. I was further amazed at your slanting half truths and total misinformation.

How, I ask myself, could a magazine of any kind print this kind of material? I then looked at your "Declaration of publication" and discovered that you are published in New York City. No wonder! New York City! Git a rope!

*William H. Sadler, Jr.
Fifth-generation native Texan
Brownsville, Texas*

Every morning I look in the mirror and think to myself, "Thank God I'm from Texas." Thus, when I saw the "God Help America" article, SPY spanked my Texo-centric attitude by rating Texas the most annoying state in the country. I was at once hurt and happy.

When I think of Texas, I think of having the Cowboys' insignia embroidered on my underwear. Take your next vacation to Texas and you'll want to have all your children born there. Don't Mess With Texas.

*Julie Anderson
Dallas, Texas*

Julie, if you'll show us your Texas undergarments, we will certainly consider taking a few weeks' vacation in the Lone Star State and personally giving your "Texo-centric attitude" a ten-gallon "spanking."

Sticking It to Pam

Why the fuck do you have that fake-titted sucker of washed-up semi-rock-star cock on the cover [Pamela Lee, June 1996]? You make me sick, and your gratuitous interview was just like one of those "20 Questions" articles in *Playboy* magazine. I hate that cunt. Where's the joke? SPY is supposed to make fun of idiots, not kiss their butts. Wake up, you fuckheads.

*Kent J. Smythe
Glendale, California*


In any other publication, I would have dismissed an interview with Pamela Lee, Master Thespian, as a waste of paper. But I knew I could count on SPY to conduct a hysterical interview with this, like, actress/model/bubblehead who is merely a silicone-breasted, collagen-lipped, bad-dye-jobbed caricature of herself. You guys never fail to delight me.

*Jessica Lapidus
New York, New York*

When South Carolinian Patrick Franklin wrote to "clear any confusion about hog intestines that heretofore has remained in the minds of your readers," we sensed the first border skirmish of a full-scale food fight. "First, the so-called phonetic spelling of *chitlin* is, though widely used, not historically or etymologically justified." Halfway through reading this porcine pedagogy, Messrs. Gregory and Huyck sensibly absconded to Letterman.

This obsession with things culinary was, to coin a phrase, "kinda like an extra large pizza," in that its shadow extended all the way to the Holy Land. Consider armchair quarterback Whit Fisher, who was so upset about our "craven apology" to the Islamic bullies from Ansaarullah and noted how the "Old SPY" would have "added a picture of Pamela Lee on top of the Dome of the Rock eating raw slabs of bacon." We hope you don't mind, Whit, that we've sent your name and address to Ansaarullah so you can continue this discussion. By the way, Whit, we have it on reliable authority that Muslims don't actually eat pork. *Dub.*

"Freedonia may not be into ethnic cleansing," writes Sarah Jacobs via the Internet, "but Fredonia is 'down with' education. There is a SUNY Fredonia. Put *that* in your Duck Soup and stir it!" We assume that Sarah is referring to SPY's congressional Freedonia prank of four years ago, and we also assume that her "Duck Soup" reference is intended to prolong the modish food theme of this column. Our final assumption is that SUNY students would probably be able to transfer to better schools were they not spending so much time online.

Alan Trotter writes from Rotherham, U.K., "I look forward to reading SPY as an antidote to British magazines, which are full of mad cow disease. At least SPY is more or less safe to read." Alan, *bubbele*, of course it's safe. Except for our article about mad cow disease (page 25). Bon appetit. 

Here's Mud in Your Eye

Your article about Westinghouse and the declawing of CBS News [June 1996] was a brave, brilliant exposé. Bravo. Well done. This is more like the "Old SPY," traces of which yet surface to tantalize us veteran readers on occasion. Give us more!

Don Read

Drfunk@microsys.net

It's always heartening to receive encouragement from the medical community. Dr. Funk.

Welcome Back, Squatter

You bastards have done it again! Jonathan Yevin's piece on how and where gangsta rappers invest their green shit [June 1996] had me in tears. Not since the Kissinger interview have I almost fallen off the toilet while reading SPY.

George Hampilos

Rockford, Illinois

Green shit? Toilet? Have you been eating those mayo-slathered burgers from Texas again?

Bunny-Hoppin' Mad

The article "Can Playboy Get It Up" [April 1996] was curiously out of date and out of touch.

1. We reported two quarters of results since our fiscal year ended last June and before this article was published. These numbers showed how the strategies we've put in place are working. For the first half, we reported net income of \$.11 per share compared to a loss of \$.01 last year, with the Entertainment Group showing the most dramatic improvement. Perhaps reflecting this turnaround, our stock also has recently appreciated significantly.

2. The move to new corporate headquarters in 1990 did not cost us \$8 million but will save us \$11 million over the 15-year lease, net of the cost of constructing our efficient and award-winning new space.

3. You disparagingly commented on Playboy's decision to "pump money into everything from soft-core videos to its Web site." In 1995, 14 Playboy videos were among the 100 best-selling videos in the country, more than any other label, including Disney.

On the Web, Playboy was the first national magazine to create a site on the Internet, now obviously the wave of the future. It remains one of the most popular on the Internet, averaging more than 3 million hits daily.

The information was as misleading and outdated as the photo of me you ran.

Christine Hefner

Chairman and CEO

Playboy Enterprises, Inc.

Chicago, Illinois

Hey Christie, please send us an "updated" photo, as well as something frilly to sniff.

Hers and Hers and His

I just read your article on "slash stories" ["Infobahn," June 1996] and I think it's great. I knew Mr. Furley was up to no good.

Your articles are stellar—keep up the great work!!

"Jim"

Jimlbones@aol.com

Nasty Habits

Regarding David Potorti's "God Is My Copublisher" [June 1996]: David, give me your hand—palm up. Whack, whack, whack!!

Sister Sylvia Lee

Greer, South Carolina

So Sue Us

Many mistakes have been made throughout history, but none have the ability to bring down Western civilization like the one your magazine made in its June 1996 issue. On page 67, you identify the model with Jesse Jackson as Tyra Banks. The model is in fact Veronica Webb.

Ayrton Carson

Menor, Ohio

As you've just pointed out, my subscription's up for renewal. But the June 1996 issue leaves me in a quandary. On the one hand, you print such refreshingly offensive stuff as "They're Dying to Get into *Vanity Fair*"—great! But then you spinelessly cringe by apologizing to an ignorant letter-

writer in case his/her religious sensibilities were offended! If this had been an "offended" Christian and not a Muslim, I'm sure you'd have found the courage to re-offend—one of the reasons I subscribed to SPY in the first place.

So, come on: whether the celebrity's name is God, Allah, or Letterman—give 'em hell!!!

*Michael Kamionko
San Francisco, California*

*Michael, you are so right, we are so sorry. DOH!
There we go again.*

You S**** Don't Get a T-Shirt

I normally leave pithy offerings to you in the hands of other people, but your guts, your raw, blistering courage have spurred me on to loftier heights of respect and emotion. In the time since your flat-liner experience, I have eagerly awaited each and every issue and I must say that I have enjoyed them immensely.

Having said such, I must apologize for the horrible things people seem compelled to say to you in your "Letters" column. While you were sleeping, intelligence dropped in exact proportion to the rise of sensitivity and correctness. It is painful to see you continually vilified by these nabobs, these stunned cattle, these people who forgot how to be smart...yet you carry on with heads held high, carrying your tattered standard from the old battles to new enemies, while still finding time to lob a few at old acquaintances like The Donald and the Scientologists. If I may say a few words of defense for you, please...FUCK OFF, YOU EMASCULATED SCREWHEADS!!! Let these people work in peace, for God's sake!

I remain your slavish admirer.

*Thomas C. J. P. E. O'Hara
Outer Banks, North Carolina*

My husband and I think that you have a wonderful publication. Only one thing wrong—it's bimonthly! Every issue feeds us the cynicism we need to survive about all the issues we bitch and moan about constantly. We especially enjoyed the 1,001 reasons O.J. is guilty as well as the old standby Separated at Birth. We

do, however, have one suggestion—please do a deep cover investigation on much-hated evil spawn Martha Stewart and her New England empire of demons. Forty-five-dollar cookie cutters shaped like bunnies can only appeal to those women with no lives of their own and money to burn.

Keep up the good work—we look forward to many subscription renewals.

*LuvIt@AOL.com
Woodhaven, New York*

We don't know what you think we're running here, Luv, but this ain't no Make-A-Wish Foundation. We have no interest in Ms. Stewart. Besides, she'd never take her clothes off for the cover.

We want your letters! Address your correspondence to the Letters Editor, SPY, 49 East 21st Street, 11th floor, New York, New York 10010 (or via E-mail at SpyMagaz@aol.com). Include your daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

The Court Jester from Hell

Little is as odious as a journalist trying to rise above his or her station. But every year in Washington, at the Radio and Television Correspondents Dinner, normally rude, ruthless, disrespectful, disdainful panty sniffers put on tuxedos and cocktail dresses and kiss the palms of the great and powerful whom they've invited to their fete, and do so in a way—supinely, cravenly, self-congratulatorily—that one doubts these people deserve First Amendment protection.

This year, some dimwit had the idea of inviting **Don Imus**, the scabrous-tongued radio personality, to provide his brand of satiric entertainment. Imus obliged, but without the customary bootlicking, and did so right in front of the President and the First Lady—and even Walter Cronkite. This provoked an orgy of pseudo-shock and feigned embarrassment. How bad was it? Here, read excerpts from Imus's remarks for yourself:

"You know, I think it would be fair to say that back when **the Clintons** took office, if we had placed them all in a lineup—well, not a lineup—if we were to have speculated on which member of the first family would be the first to be indicted—I meant...to receive a subpoena—everybody in this room would have picked



naked city

The Usual Suspects

I What is it about working out that has Hollywood all worked up? First, nearly unemployable putrid pugilist **Mickey Rourke** beats up actor **Jeff "China Beach" Kober** outside a Hollywood

gym for merely talking to Rourke's wife, actress **Carre Otis**. And when new Oscar-wiener **Kevin Spacey** is not digging *Buns of Steel*, he's doing the clean-and-jerk in his trailer. Once, while resting between takes on the set of *The Usual Suspects* (which was named after the space in this magazine), Monsieur Spacey solicited the helping hand of a young Frenchman. Spacey did his own handiwork, but let's just say that, stateside, the fondling Frenchman has been nicknamed **Nut Palmer**. Alas, poor Verbal was interrupted before he had the chance to go oral.

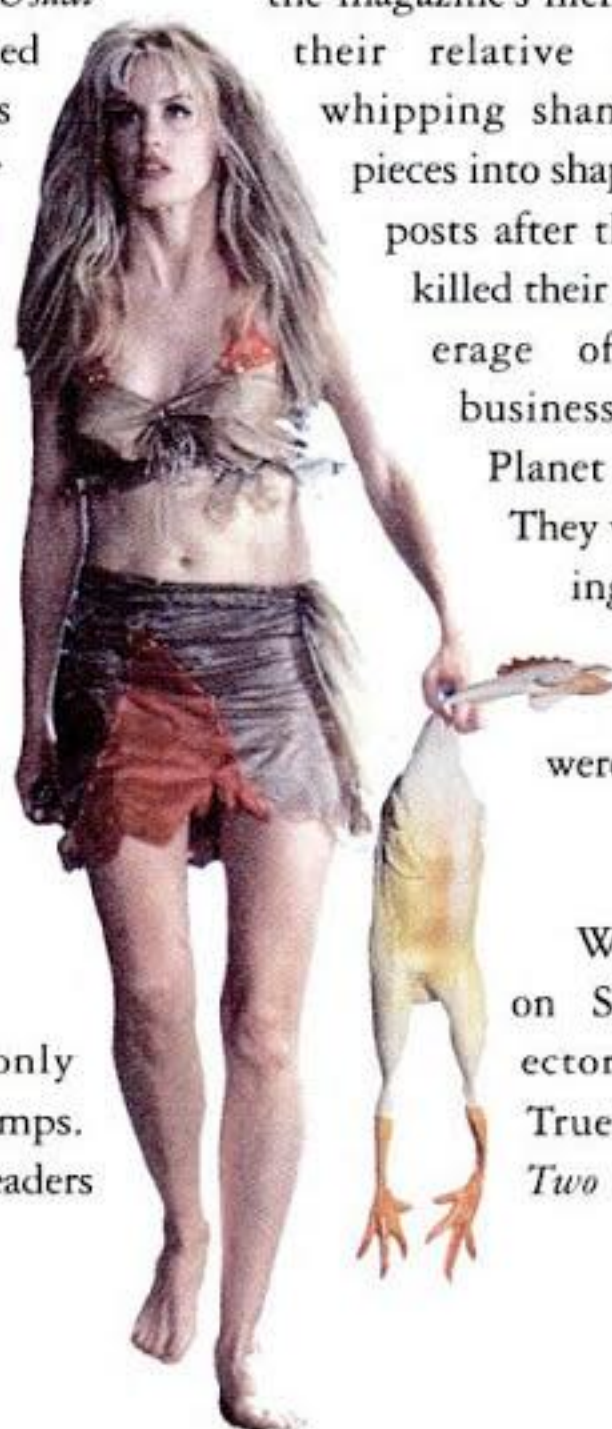
II Pecs aren't the only thing **Sly Stallone** pumps. As the discriminating readers

of *Playgirl* already know, Rambo's phallus is no bazooka. Moreover, years of transforming himself into the stallion have created hydraulic challenges nature cannot always overcome. Not one to be fazed by daunting odds, Stallone is known to use an apparatus similar in construction to a bicycle pump to rouse the little general to action. At least the not-so-big guy is consistent in his preference for large appendages. He is reported to favor some of his many girlfriends with breast implants.

Covering Sly in print has its risks. Two top editors at *Premiere*—"top" referring to their position in the magazine's hierarchy, not to their relative talents for whipping shameless puff-pieces into shape—quit their posts after the publisher killed their planned coverage of Stallone's business dealings at Planet Hollywood. They weren't looking for the all-you-can-eat special, now were they?

III While working on Spanish director Fernando Trueba's comedy *Two Much*, with

Antonio Banderas and **Melanie Griffith**, noted animal lover **Daryl Hannah** fell in love with a chicken. She received the hen as a gift from a crew member who owned a farm near the South Beach, Florida, shoot and soon came to hang around the chicken compulsively. When it was time to wrap up the film, Hannah wanted to bring the chicken home with her, but no airline was very receptive to the chicken-onboard concept. While alternative plans were being, er, hatched, the beloved chicken flew the coop, and somehow, mysteriously ended up at Hannah's homestead in Telluride, Colorado, a few weeks later. Fowl play? Let's just hope, for the chicken's sake, that Hannah is still a dedicated animal lover—and vegetarian—next Christmas night.



tic." Joan Collins, recipient of a \$1.2 million advance from Random House



Lama Palosers

What Is the Sound of One Brat Whining?

The Dalai Lama's golden children need a good spanking

Not since Chuck Daley's world champion Detroit Pistons—featuring such legendary head cases as Dennis Rodman, Bill Lambier, and John Salley—has a team of bad boys like this been assembled. But this isn't a basketball team, and Coach Dalai's shaved head doesn't allow for oversized pompadours.

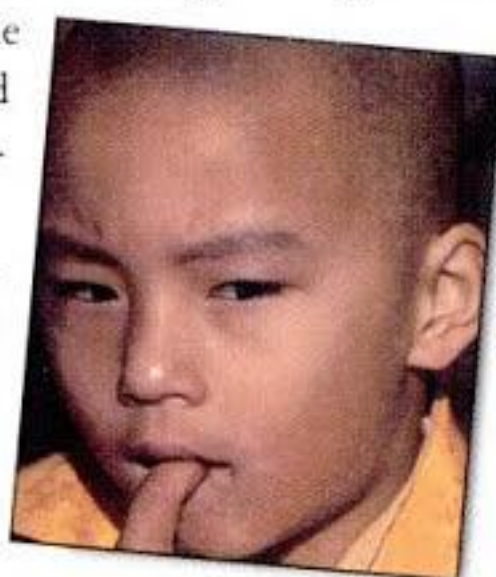
The Dalai Lama, the spiritual and temporal Buddhist leader, is quite aware of his earthly mortality. That's why part of his job description decrees that he select the children who will become the future figures in the Buddhist faith. But as of late, the head Lama has recruited some pretty rowdy reincarnates.

First there was six-year-old Choekyi Nyima. The Big D chose Nyima as the reincarnation of Tibet's second most powerful leader. But after his appointment, Nyima's Lama qualifications were questioned by the Chinese government, which claimed that the boy had drowned a dog. He was then put under house arrest (despite protests by the Lama Wanna-be himself, Richard Gere) and hasn't been heard from since.

The next name added to the Buddhist roster was that of Tibetan exile Tenzin Dhong (pronounced *Tensing Dong*). By selecting Dhong's name out of a copper bowl three times, the Dalai Lama identified him as a reincarnation of his own grandfather, a high Tibetan monk. Let's hope he learns to deal with a hostile media: National Public Radio's Scott Simon, annoyed by Tenzin's cocksureness and his presumed ability to heal people with the touch of his hand, described the future spiritual guru as an arrogant "scamp."

Then Sonam Wangdu (pronounced *Wang Doo*) Lama joined the club. The

devilish little savior is notorious for wearing self-righteous sweatshirts boasting such slogans as "Little Monster" and "I Just Can't Wait to Be King." Wangdu has been known to poke visi-



tors with the antlers of his stuffed Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer doll and to yell at reporters who interrupt him while he's reading.

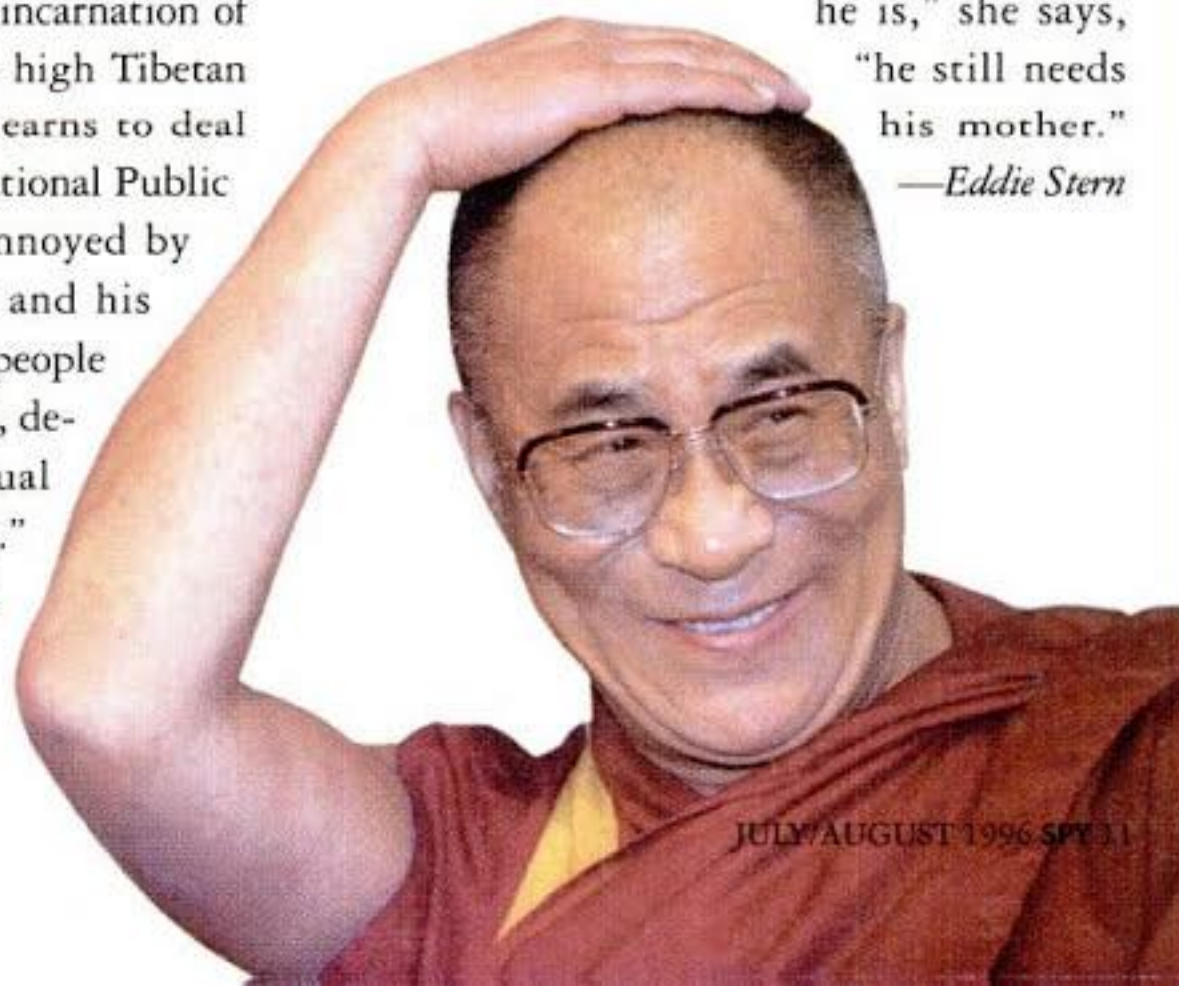
But the most recent of the Dalai Lama's enfant terribles, Osel Torres, might be the most disruptive Lama-in-waiting to date. Torres, a precocious ten-year-old Spanish child, is reportedly causing quite a stir around the monastery.

"The monks are spoiling him rotten," complains his mother, Maria Torres. "He is turning into a little tyrant rather than a little Buddha." According to Doña Torres, her son won't play with the other kids on the playground because, in her words, "When you're a tyrant, you don't make friends."

Threatening to bench her son from the Dalai Lama's Little Lama League, Osel's mother insists that her son's tough-guy attitude might go over in Lhasa, but it won't play in Spain. "I don't care how much of a Lama

he is," she says, "he still needs his mother."

—Eddie Stern



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Roger. I mean, been there, done that. Well, in the past three years, Socks the cat has been in more jams than Roger. Roger has been a saint. The cat has peed on national treasures. Roger hasn't. Socks has thrown up hairballs. Roger hasn't. Socks got his girlfriend pregnant and had—well, no, that was Roger.

And as you know, nearly every incident in the lives of the first family has been made worse by each and every person in this room—the radio and television correspondents. Even innocuous incidents. For example, when Cal Ripken broke Lou Gehrig's consecutive-game record, the President was at Camden Yards doing play-by-play on the radio with John Miller. Bobby Bonilla hit a double, and we all heard the President, in his obvious excitement, holler 'Go, baby!' And I remember commenting at the time, 'I bet that's not the first time he's said that.' Remember the AstroTurf and the pickup?...

Imagine if back in 1978, Mrs. Clinton had not said to Mr. Clinton 'Honey, Jim and Susan are here and they've got some riverfront land for these great vacation homes and maybe we can make some serious money.' And he said 'God I love this Reaganomics!' Which reminds me: In light of the controversy that surrounded publication of Mrs. Clinton's book, perhaps Anonymous should have written *It Takes a Village*.

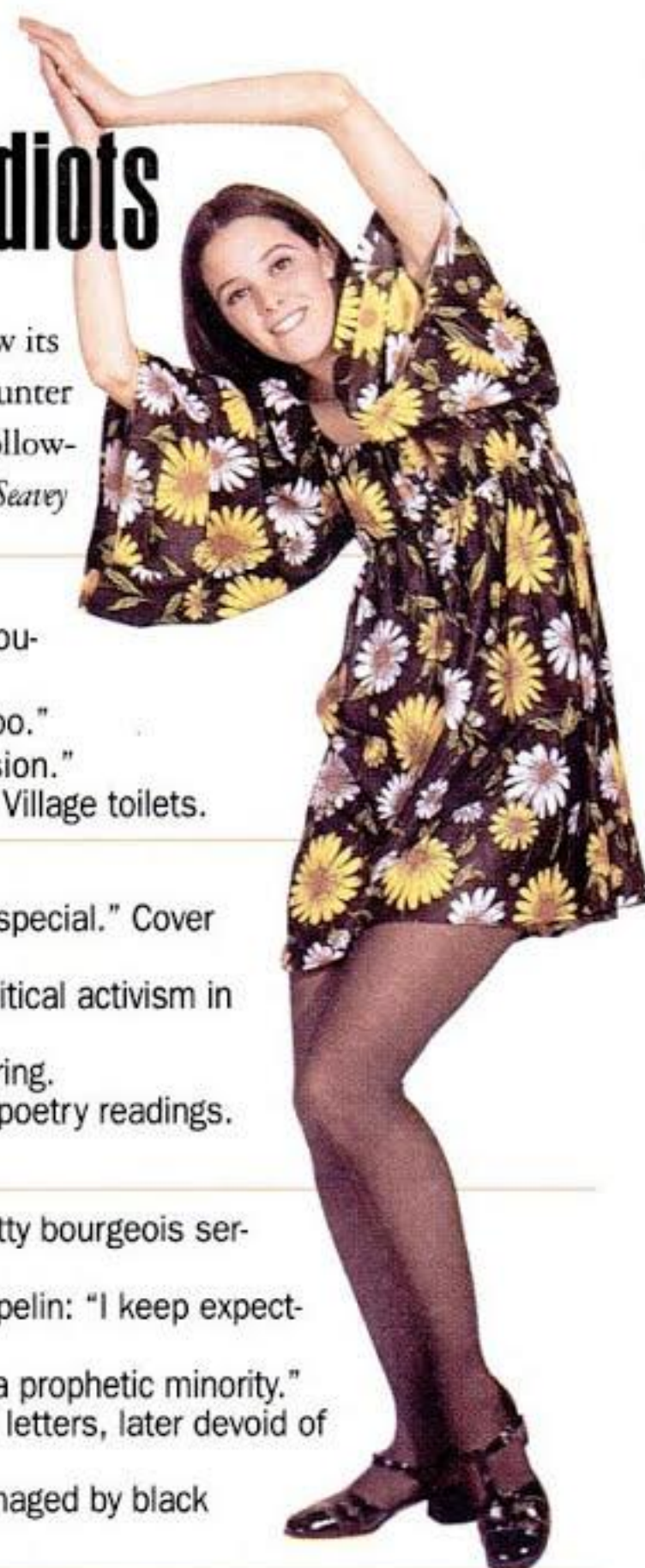
And then there's Senator D'Amato's book, *It Takes a Village Idiot*. The senator suggests that the Clintons hung around with unsavory characters in Little Rock. What the hell is he talkin' about? All of his

Sotto Voce

New York Frees Its Village Idiots

Once the country's mightiest leftist publication, the *Village Voice* saw its circulation drop 16 percent since 1991, down to 119,000. To counter sagging sales, the paper went free last April. Why bother? The following table charts the *Voice's* irrelevancy through its 40-year history.—Todd Seavey

1950s	Ideology: Norman Mailer column calls <i>Voice</i> "square." Kickin' Out the Jams: Ravi Shankar concert advertises "all-you-can-eat steak." Judgment Calls: "It's Possible to Be Beat and Conservative, Too." Realpolitik: Report on cops breaking up beatnik "bongo session." Breaking News: Ghost of Alexander Hamilton reported to flush Village toilets.
1960s	Ideology: "Could the Beats Be Nazis?" Kickin' Out the Jams: Ad for "happening" notes \$1 "early bird special." Cover story on the "hippie scene." Judgment Calls: Joseph K. predicts there will be no serious political activism in the '60s. Realpolitik: Letter condemns Eldridge Cleaver's constant swearing. Breaking News: City notices problem of zoning rules hindering poetry readings. Allen Ginsberg says: "We dig that somebody is listening."
1970s	Ideology: Amiri Baraka likens <i>Voice</i> critic Stanley Crouch to "petty bourgeois servants of dying capitalism." Kickin' Out the Jams: Music critic Vernon Gibbs hates Led Zeppelin: "I keep expecting people to catch on." Judgment Calls: Michael Harrington writes: "We socialists are a prophetic minority." Realpolitik: Ongoing "Lesbian Nation" column devoid of capital letters, later devoid of grammar and punctuation. Breaking News: Notes influx of prostitutes, "many of them managed by black pimps in long limousines with fancy scrollwork."
1980s	Ideology: "Esthetic freedom" of Cuba praised. Kickin' Out the Jams: Music critic Sally Banes calls Laurie Anderson "pretentious." Letter from 14-year-old praises writer Cynthia Heimel but calls Def Leppard fans "stupid." New Wave brings increase in hair-care advertisements. Judgment Calls: Sitcom <i>Yes, Prime Minister</i> called classist. Realpolitik: <i>Voice</i> is at the forefront of the "draft Cuomo" movement. Breaking News: "America Loves Professional Wrestling."
1990s	Ideology: Power Rangers' ability to form single huge robot called representative of Japanese corporate mind-set. Kickin' Out the Jams: Ex-Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren says George Bush has bad manners. Judgment Calls: <i>Voice</i> predicts end of Fourth Amendment. Realpolitik: <i>Voice</i> endorses Jerry Brown for prez. Breaking News: Social critic Michael Tomasky declares left "dead," soon resigns from <i>Voice</i> . The paper becomes free at last.



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

friends have bodies in the trunks of their cars....

Do you remember the infamous curbside-shooting photograph from the Vietnam War? Well I'm watching the *CBS Evening News* one night with **Dan Rather** and **Connie Chung**. Things are not going well, and I'm thinking, 'We're a couple of nights away from another hideous photograph.' I mean, everybody in this room knows Dan Rather is capable of anything, including pulling a gun out on the set of the *CBS Evening News*....And he's a little tense. I mean, watching Dan Rather do the news; he looks like he's making a hostage tape.

And yet, he is one of the three or four people most Americans get their news from. Along with **Tom Brokaw**, of course. By the way, nobody wants us out of Bosnia more than Tom does, simply so he doesn't have to try to pronounce Slobodan Milosevic....

Brian Williams is standing in front of the White House thinking 'I'm two Serb war criminals' names away from having Tom's job.'

And then there's **Peter Jennings**, who we are told more Americans get their news from than anyone else, and a man who freely admits that he cannot resist women. So I'm thinking, here's Peter Jennings, sitting there each evening—elegant, erudite, refined—and I'm wondering, 'What's under his desk?' I mean, besides an intern. The first place a telecommunications bill should have mandated that a V-chip be placed was in Mr. Jennings's shorts....

Bernard Shaw and **Judy Woodruff** round out our

Celebrity Math: The Cast of *Friends*. Part II



Mickey Dolenz + Alan Alda x (Anson Williams + a knish) = David Schwimmer

Color Me Crazy

Sometimes a Cigar Is a Large Black Phallus

Dr. Welsing's bizarre white paper on racial symbolism

The truly great psychiatrists have expanded our understanding of the human mind. Freud gave us dream analysis, Jung bequeathed collective unconscious. Now Dr. Frances Cress Welsing, a Washington, D.C.-based African-American child psy-

chiatrist, makes her bid for the psychiatric pantheon with *The Isis Papers: The Keys to the Colors*, a work teeming with ruminations on the hidden symbolism of color in Western society. But her theories just might attract the men in, er, white suits.—Barry Zeger

Crisis: The color of the balls used in various sports.

Whitey's Rationale: The balls are colored for maximum visibility in accordance with their size (i.e., the smaller the ball—baseball, golf ball—the lighter the color).

Welsing's Color Decoding: "Generally, [white balls are smaller than colored ones], paralleling the respective genetic power in the white and colored testicles."

Welsing's Conclusion: "Currently, the most popular games, those that attract most male attention, are played with big brown balls (footballs and basketballs). This rise in popularity of colored balls parallels the rise in power, at the global level, of the Third World, or non-white countries."

Crisis: Giving chocolates as a gift.

Whitey's Rationale: A charming holiday tradition.

Welsing's Color Decoding: Further reveals "the intricate workings of...symbolism [in white supremacy culture]."

Welsing's Conclusion: "If his sweetheart ingests 'chocolate with nuts,' the white male can fantasize that he is genetically equal to the Black male. And if his mother had ingested 'chocolate with nuts,' he would not have to worry

about white genetic annihilation—as he would have been 'colored' and then could be an annihilation of white genes like the feared and envied Black male."

Crisis: Point scoring in pastimes such as basketball and football.

Whitey's Rationale: The hoop and goal posts represent the object of a team's point-scoring efforts.

Welsing's Color Decoding: There is a "preoccupation in sports of placing large brown balls (testicle symbols) in white net (vaginal) orifices and between goal posts (white upright legs)."

Welsing's Conclusion: "One must conclude that the white male realizes consciously or unconsciously that the most desired mate for the white female is the Black male, just as his most desired sexual mate is the Black female. This illuminates the white male's fascination with black stockings, black underwear and black negligees as sexual symbols."

Crisis: Boxing.

Whitey's Rationale: A compelling contest of athleticism

and character, speed and poise.

Welsing's Color Decoding: A "symbolic contest of the genetic power of the testicles...[staged in a symbolic] vaginal orifice."

Welsing's Conclusion: "The gloved fists typically are covered with black, brown, or other colored leather, as opposed to white leather...[A]t the deep levels...power is...associated with color...In the final analysis, it does not matter which boxer (white or nonwhite) is the winner at the surface level. The color of the gloves of the winner are always nonwhite."

Crisis: Cigar smoking.

Whitey's Rationale: An innocent—and currently trendy—indulgence.

Welsing's Color Decoding: Represents white males' "envy and a desire for possession of" Black male genitalia.

Welsing's Conclusion: "White males who wish others to view them or wish to view themselves as strong, powerful and important, puff and suck on huge black cigars. Indeed, the more important they wish others to believe they are, the longer the cigar...(their symbolic phallus)."

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

network news anchors, and deserve mention only to recognize that Bernie has a greater nut potential than even Dan Rather. If not for CNN, Bernard Shaw is at the post office, marchin' somebody around at the end of a wire coat hanger and a shot gun....

Rush [Limbaugh] may not, as Al Franken suggests, be a big fat idiot, but I'm sick of him. The radio show, the television show, the stupid books, and now men's ties. Bold, vibrant, colorful, and all designed to look great with a brown shirt. What a surprise that Rush is selling something that goes around a person's neck! And Rush didn't date in high school? You're kidding. You mean the varsity cheerleaders weren't falling all over a fat, pig-eyed schmoo who looks like a cross between Red Dog and one of those Budweiser frogs? He should be on a beach somewhere in a pair of Bermuda shorts, a Hawaiian shirt, white socks, sandals, holdin' a metal detector. He couldn't get a date in high school? Maybe they should have had his senior prom at Sea World....

I was in Las Vegas when the news broke that **Senator Gramm** had financed a porno movie. It was better than having Ed McMahon hand me a check for \$10 million. The only better news would have been had Senator Gramm actually appeared in a movie.... Gramm was fond of saying he was too ugly to be president. Well, that was not his problem. I know he has a Ph.D. in economics, but you can't sound like you just walked out of the woods in *Deliverance* and not scare people."

Patrons of the Tarts

American Museums That Sound Like Whorehouses

Angel Mounds
Evansville, IL
Donkey Milk House
Key West, FL
Duvall Tool Museum
Croom, MD
Gropius House
Lincoln, MA

Hands On House
Lancaster, PA
House of a Thousand Dolls
Loma, MT
Lace House
Black Hawk, CO
The Little Brick House
Vandalia, IL

The London Brass Rubbing Center
Gaithersburg, MD
My Jewish Discovery Place
Los Angeles, CA
Queen Emma Summer Palace
Honolulu, HI
—David Potorti



Knife and Pitchfork Dept. Dante's Burrito

Has hot sauce gone to hell?

While some gourmands look for taste, quality, and purity in their foods, the hot sauce connoisseur craves only a one-way ticket to Hades. At least that's the impression you get from reading hot sauce labels. These days, hot alone isn't good enough—the sauce has got to be fiery enough to kill you. See you in hell.—Sharon Dargay and Diana Wing

• Hot Sauce: Last Rites

Hellish Label: "This sauce will make even a priest go to confession. It might even make an attorney tell the truth."

Grisly Graphic: Chili pepper pictured inside a coffin.

• Hot Sauce: Capital Punishment

Hellish Label: "Once the bottle is opened, not even a call from the governor can save you."

Grisly Graphic: Chili pepper strapped onto an electric chair.

• Hot Sauce: Blair's After Death Sauce

Hellish Label: "Feel alive. This product

contains the hottest known ingredients on planet Earth."

Grisly Graphic: Flames leaping out at an eyeball.

• Hot Sauce: Gib's Nuclear Hell

Hellish Label: "Great taste with a blast."

Grisly Graphic: Mushroom cloud.

• Hot Sauce: Habanero Hot Sauce with a Half Life

Hellish Label: "A Taste of Armageddon in every drop."

Grisly Graphic: Mushroom cloud.

• Hot Sauce: Dave's Insanity Sauce Gourmet

Hellish Label: "Be afraid, be very afraid. This is the hottest cocktail sauce in the universe."

Grisly Graphic: Two chilies roasting in the blazing sun.

• Hot Sauce: Habanero Hot Sauce From Hell

Hellish Label: "Beyond Hot. Habanero's are the mothers of all peppers."

Grisly Graphic: Devil with pitchfork surrounded by flames.

• Hot Sauce: Hellfire & Damnation

Hellish Label: "A dash of the devil. Hotter than hell."

Grisly Graphic: Flames.

• Hot Sauce: Gib's Bottled Hell

Hellish Label: "You want hot, you got hot. Created in lower regions."

Grisly Graphic: Devil watching chilies burn.

• Hot Sauce: Pure Hell

Hellish Label: "Perspiring is to be expected. Smoke may be seen."

Grisly Graphic: Tormented soul in flames.

• Hot Sauce: Jamaica Hell Fire Doc's Special

Hellish Label: "Hottest Hellfire. Use cautiously."

Grisly Graphic: Devil with pitchfork.

• Hot Sauce: Satan's Revenge Hot Sauce

Hellish Label: It will "get you in the end."

Grisly Graphic: Devil surrounded by flames.

• Hot Sauce: Dan TS Inferno

Hellish Label: "Excruciating. Burn baby burn."

Grisly Graphic: Tortured soul consumed by flames.

• Hot Sauce: Mean Devil Woman Cajun Pepper Sauce

Hellish Label: "Hot, mean & sassy."

Grisly Graphic: Hot babe with dragon in flames.

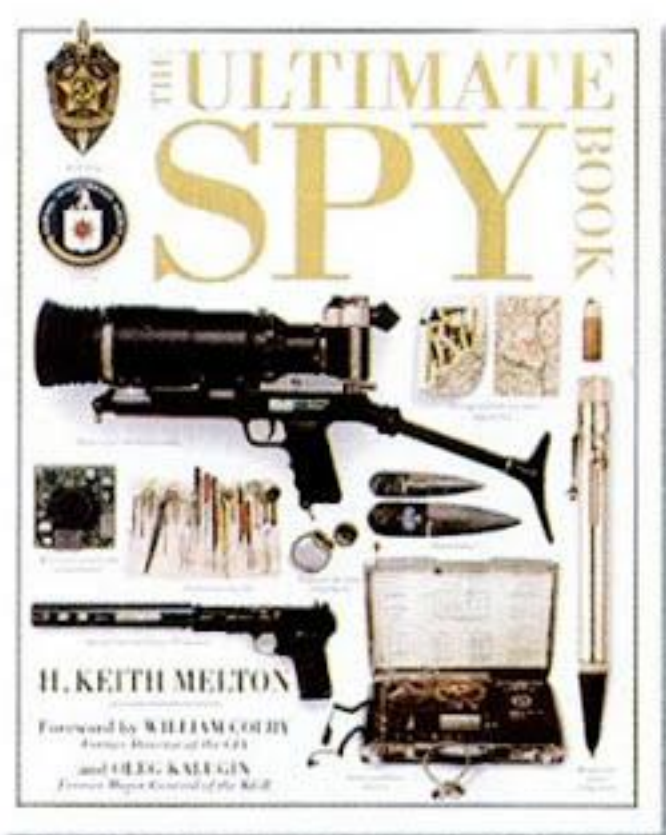
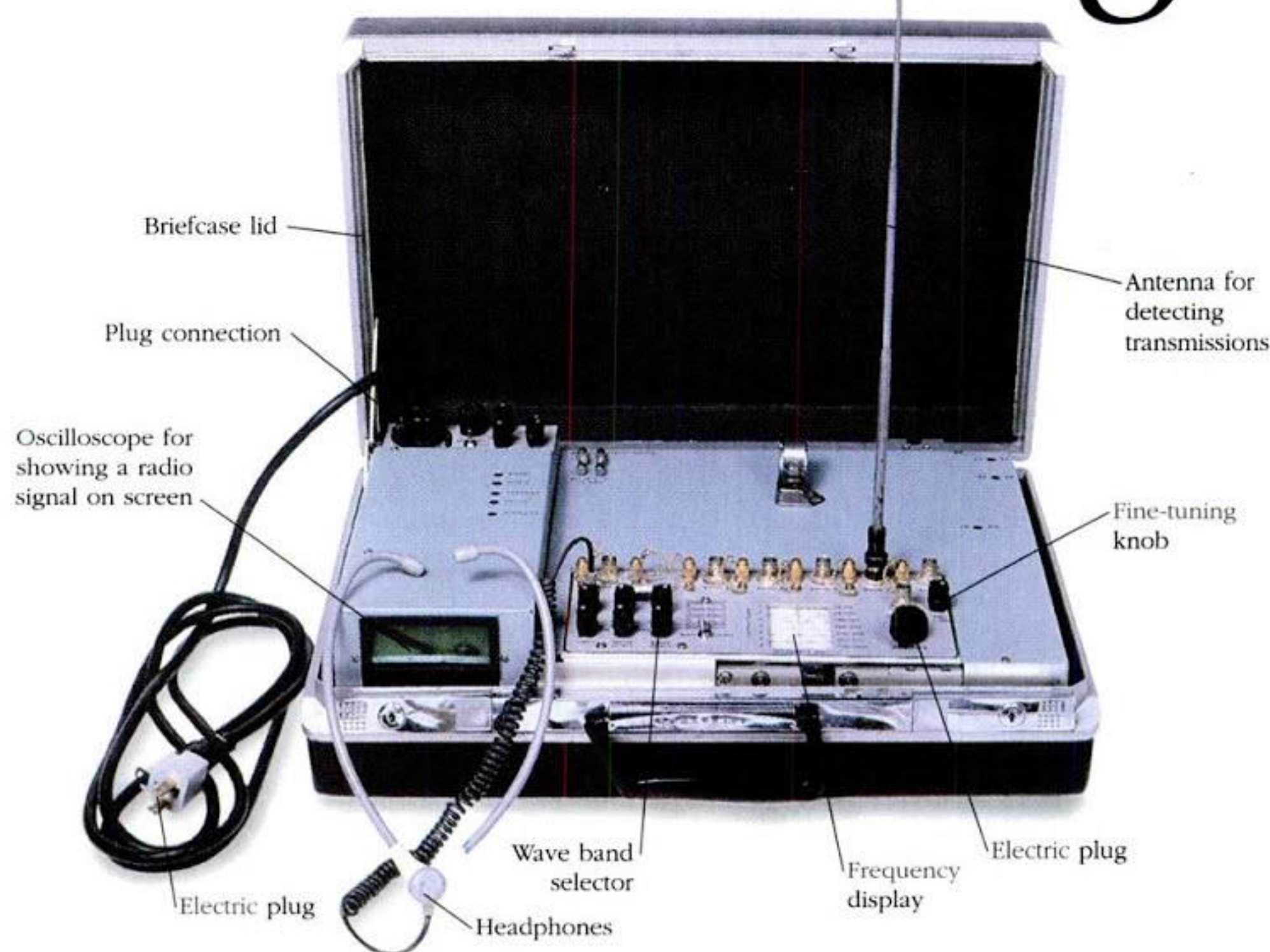
• Hot Sauce: The Original Pure Cap

Hellish Label: "Danger. Keep out of reach of children."

Grisly Graphic: Packaged in childproof medicine bottle showing two skulls and crossbones. When purchasing, one must sign a liability disclaimer form, which reads: "Due to the extremely hot nature of this product (500,000 Scoville Units), I agree that PURE CAP shall only be used as a food additive."



How to rid your home of bugs.



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Operation: Agent Orange

Officer, arrest that carrot!



Chris P. Carrot is a seven-foot-tall shocking-orange root vegetable with alarmingly big feet, stubby arms, and 12 fingers. He's not the product of Ukrainian farmers outside Chernobyl but rather the latest brainstorm from the people at PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals).

Carrot and his entourage have been on a "whirlwind worldwide tour" of elementary schools, handing out buttons reading, "Eat Your Veggies, Not Your Friends" and brochures explaining, "Hamburgers are really cows who have been separated from their families and killed." The brochures, geared for the impressionable kindergarten set, go on to say, "Bacon, bologna, and hot-dogs are really little piggies who are taken in crowded smelly trucks to their death."

You'd think Carrot would be welcomed with open arms in little outposts of our global village, but remarkably, his trip has had its share of low points:

Where Mr. Carrot went: Liverpool, England

What happened: The headmaster of the local schoolhouse told police a giant carrot was stalking the students.

Where Mr. Carrot went: Omaha, NB

What happened: Protestors set up a barbecue across from the school where Carrot was speaking.

Where Mr. Carrot went: California

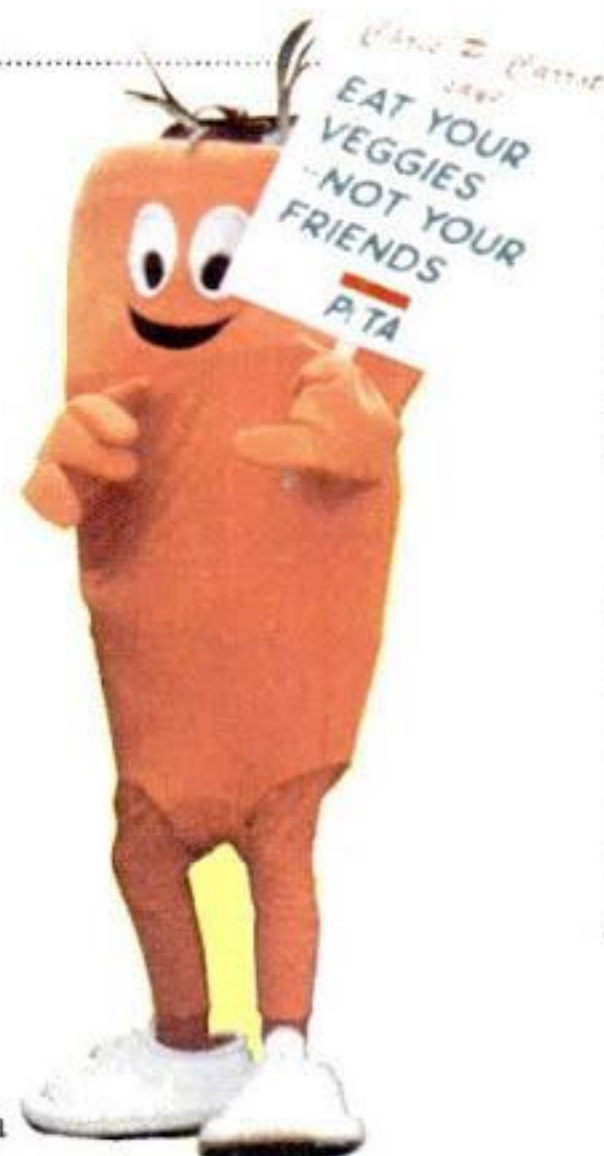
What happened: Carrot was stifled by Beverly Hills while winning raves in Watts. One Sacramento native's response: "Our schools are rife with gang activity, intimidation, and vandalism, but at least they're safe from the subversive activity of an oversized vegetable."

Where Mr. Carrot went: Texas

What happened: Chris was turned away at several local districts while Eddie the NRA Eagle enjoyed an extended tour of schools in Houston, Killeen, and Austin.

Where Mr. Carrot went: Des Moines, IA

What happened: Local pig farmers gave luncheon meat (bologna, beef jerky, and olive loaf) to students and encouraged them to throw it at the visiting vegetable. Before Chris P.'s arrival, a school principal told the local paper: "There Will Be No Carrot."



Mascarers

Feed the world...put on a few pounds yourself

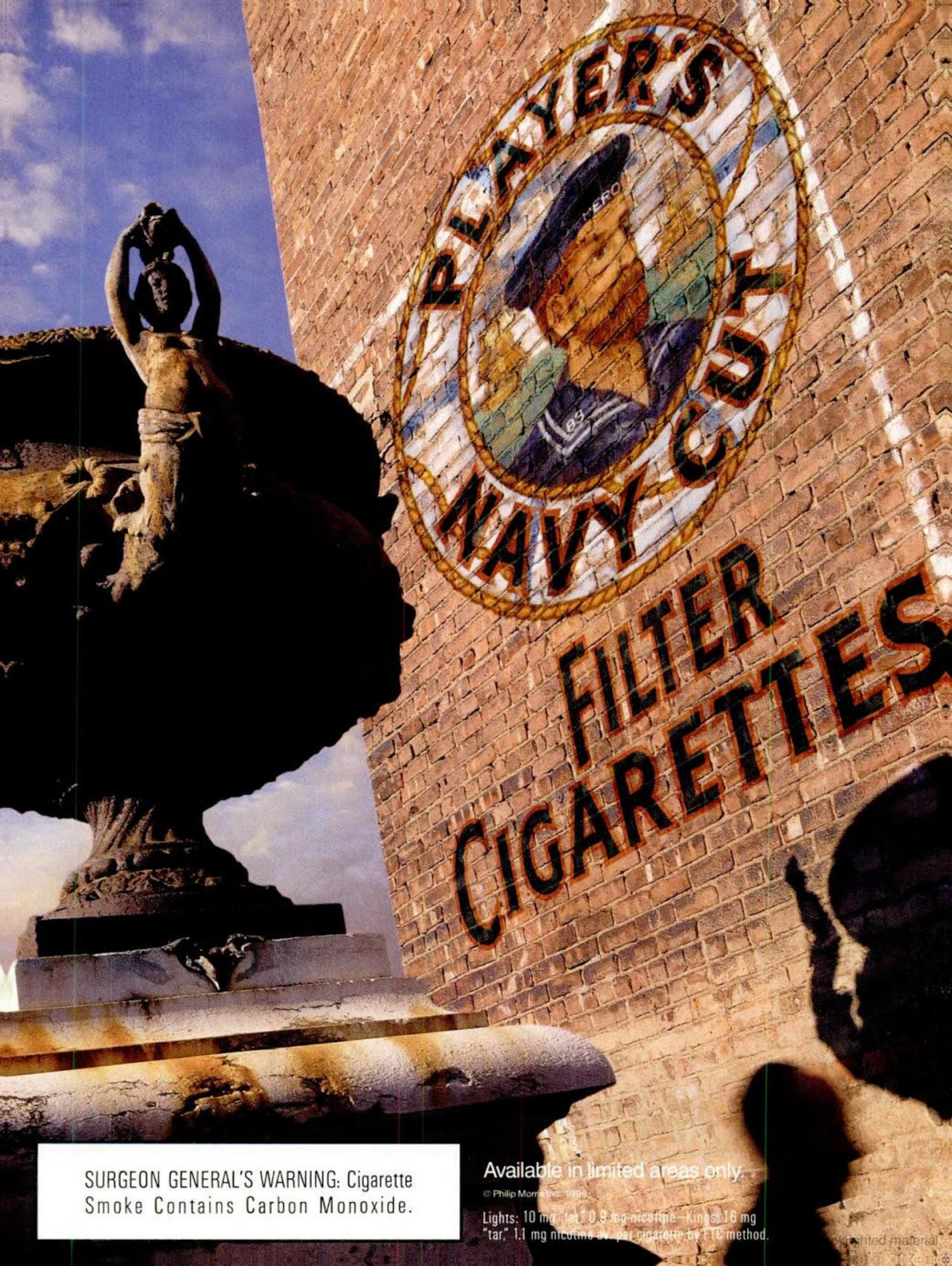
It's no picnic being a supermodel citizen. The job requires you to be both underfed and overexposed. When you're not dating talentless illusionists, starring in straight-to-video feature films, or opening theme restaurants, lending your name to a charity is pretty easy work. But if you're the new kid on the runway, you better grab one quick—all the good ones are getting snapped up. See if you can match the strumpet in column B with the charity she trumpets in column A.—Lee Frank

- a. French Red Cross
- b. Tyra's Kids Success Program
- c. Rain Forest Foundation
- d. St. Jude's Children's Hospital
- e. Batoto Yetu, African cultural education in Harlem
- f. AMFAR, American Foundation for AIDS Research
- g. PETA
- h. Love Heals, AIDS education in schools
- i. Supermodels in the Rainforest
- j. ASPCA
- k. Life Beat, music industry against AIDS
- l. Pediatric AIDS

- 1. Claudia Schiffer
- 2. Tyra Banks
- 3. Frederique
- 4. Niki Taylor
- 5. Naomi Campbell
- 6. Cindy Crawford
- 7. Tatjana Patitz
- 8. Karen Mulder
- 9. Roshumba
- 10. Shana Zadrick
- 11. Veronica Webb
- 12. Elle MacPherson

Answers: 1a, 2b, 3c, etc.





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"tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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Mayor McCheese

Wimp Off the Old Block

'96 conventioners shouldn't fear Daley double

When the riots erupted around the Democratic Convention in 1968, Chicagoans remained calm, cool, and collected. After all, Richard J. Daley—the biggest, baddest mayor in the nation—was running the show, and his bash-happy boys in blue took care of those namby-pamby pinko freaks.

But when the Democratic Convention returns to Chicago this summer, denizens of the Windy City won't be able to turn to a beloved generalissimo-style strongman in City Hall if those long-haired liberals get out of hand. That's because the current Mayor Daley—Richard J.'s son Richard M.—would probably invite them all to his office for a group hug. Here's a comparison of father and son.—*Brendan Baber and Eric Spitznagel*

MAYOR SR: Before he was elected, he ran with a street gang and worked in the stockyards.

MAYOR JR: Before he was elected, he was a state's attorney and worked for *daddy*.

MAYOR SR: Even as mayor, he refused to move from his South Side home in Bridgeport, a neighborhood of working-class stiff.

MAYOR JR: As mayor, he was all too eager to leave the South Side for a more wealthy neighborhood. "I'm packing my socks every night," he said, in giddy anticipation of the move.

MAYOR SR: He exercised total control over city council meetings, making all of the major decisions, openly bullying—and destroying the careers of—any aldermen who dared to oppose his will.

MAYOR JR: He runs the city council meetings in a relaxed, informal manner, which one alderman describes as "all hugs and kisses."

MAYOR SR: He transformed Chicago into "The City That Works." Under his leadership, the city was clean and the trains were on time. He was also responsible for the construction of McCormick Place, O'Hare Airport, the University of Illinois, and numerous major highways.

MAYOR JR: He has managed only to offer the city a failed bid for downtown casinos, a failed bid for a new airport, failed highway renovations, a failed downtown trolley system, blue-bag recycling that doesn't work, and a failed proposal to renovate Soldiers' Field, the home of the NFL's Bears, who may leave anyway.

MAYOR SR: He despised the press, often refusing to answer their questions or openly mocking them. "I don't answer to twisted, polluted imaginations of the journalistic enterprise," he once said.

MAYOR JR: He's always courteous and cordial with the press, and often ends press conferences by saying, "Nice talking to you."

MAYOR SR: When Chicago congressmen didn't obey their president, he was ready to whip them into line. "He'll vote for it," he assured a worried Kennedy of an Illinois congressman during the fight to pass Civil Rights legislation. "He'll vote

for any goddamn thing we want. I'll tell him, 'Now lookit, I don't give a goddamn what it is, you vote

for anything the President wants.'"

MAYOR JR: When the Republicans seized Congress in 1994, Daley baffled Democrats by *supporting* them. "I want them to succeed, like everyone else," he said. "It doesn't matter to me." As for Newt Gingrich, Daley bur-

bled that he "seems like a nice person."

MAYOR SR: During the 1968 riots that followed the assassination of Martin Luther King, he issued a police order to "shoot to kill any arsonist" and "shoot to

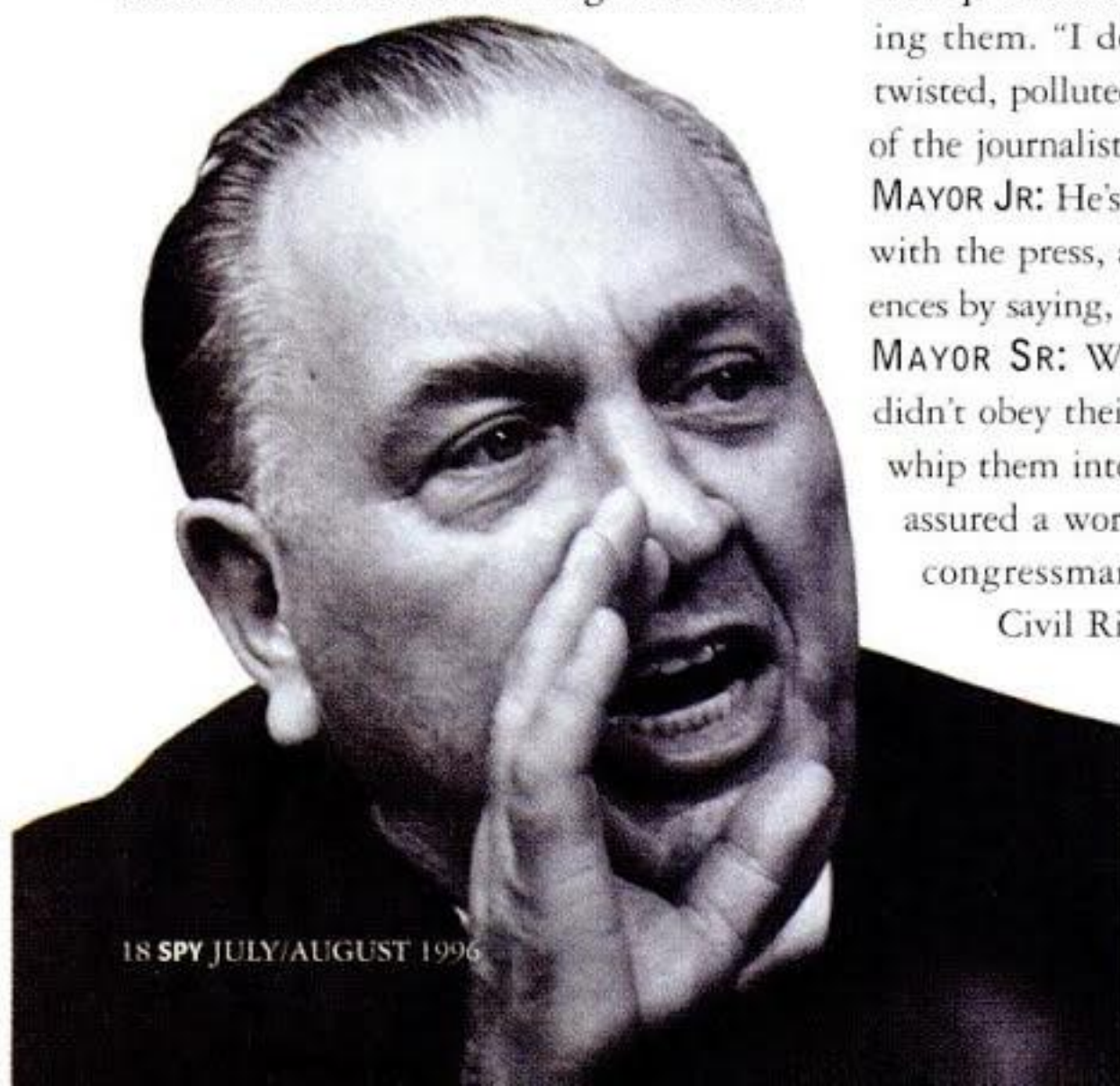
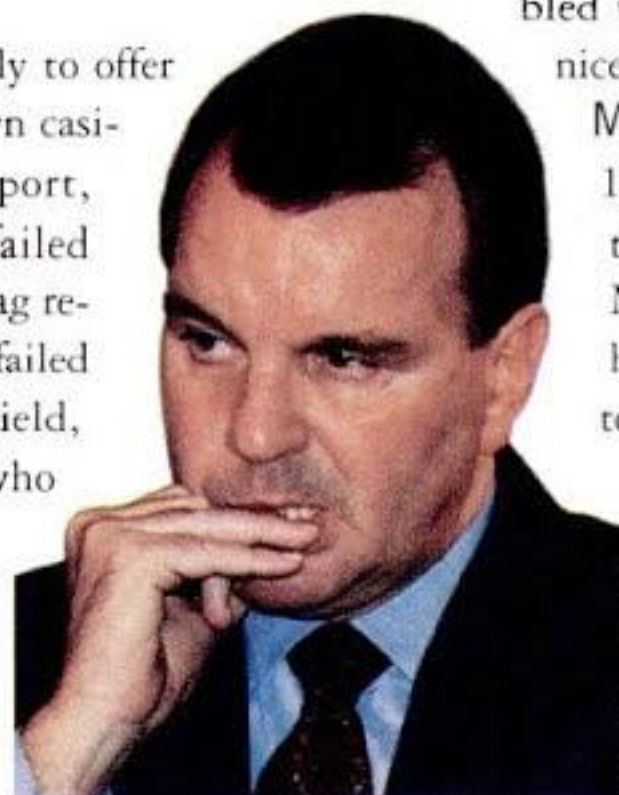
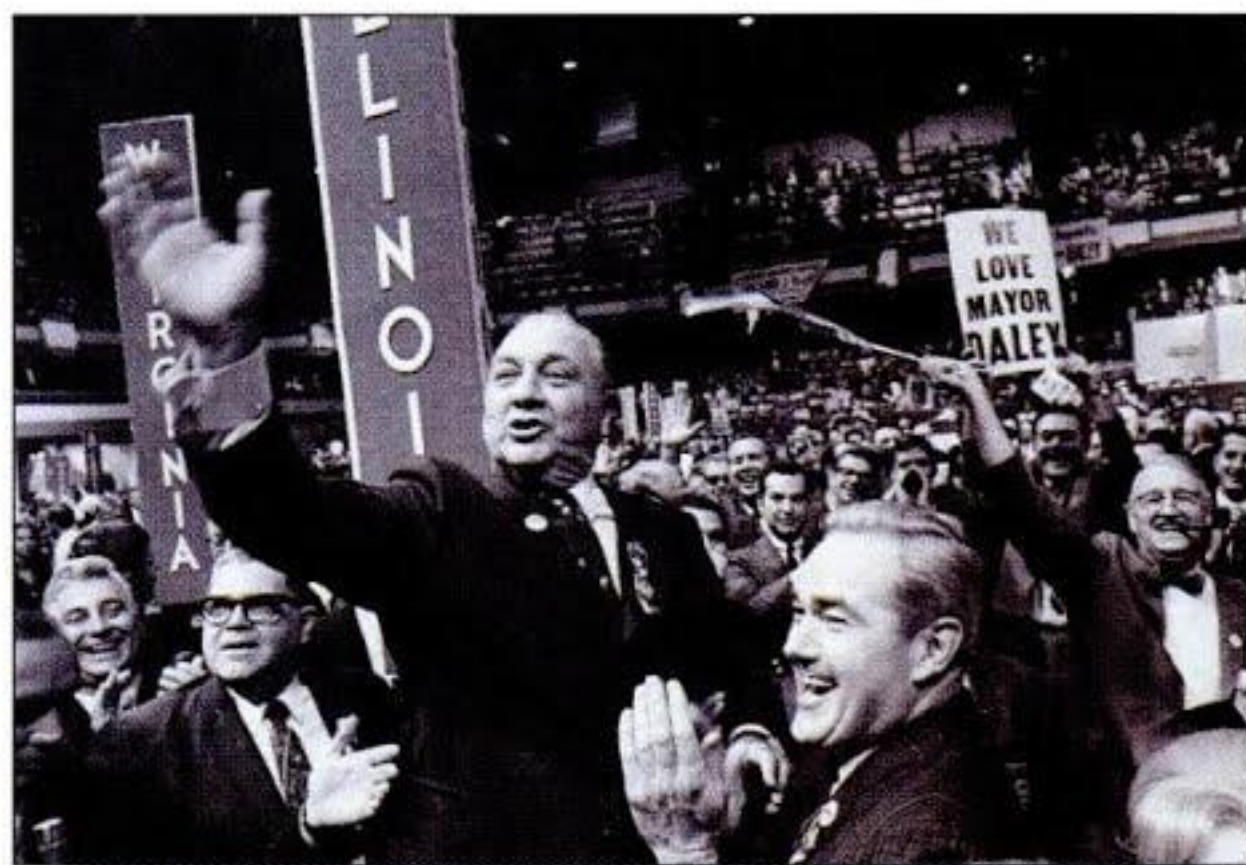
maim or cripple anyone looting any stores in our city."

MAYOR JR: During the Rodney King riots of

1993, he issued a statement that criticized the acquitted LAPD officers, stating that "senseless brutality by people sworn to uphold the law cannot be accepted under any circumstance."

MAYOR SR: His police force was one of the most feared in the country. "As long as I'm mayor of this town," he growled, "there'll be law and order in Chicago."

MAYOR JR: Although he promised to hire 600 new police officers, he eventually decided against it. "We've got more officers," he said. "We've got...I don't know how many, we've got enough."



Democrats, claiming that their party has grown weak and ineffectual, are abandoning ship and swimming to Gingrich's Isle in record numbers. Seven Donkeycrats have made the switch since November 8, 1994. This is the highest rate of party pooping in

[illegible]



**SANITY IS
THE
PLAYGROUND FOR
THE
UNIMAGINATIVE**



JOOP! JEANS
JUST A THOUGHT.

Habeas Sourpuss

Blowing Gideon's Trumpet

Mr. Fussypants Jailbird needs his lawyer

Some people just don't know when to say uncle. Take prisoners. It's not enough that, on the outside, they are menaces to society, but once in the hoosegow, they terrorize the legal system, too. In 1995, states collectively spent \$81 million defending what state attorneys general have labeled frivolous lawsuits. There oughta be a law.—Jonathan Yevin

- A Virginia inmate tried to sue himself for \$5 million on the grounds that he had gotten drunk and caused himself to violate his religious beliefs by committing a crime. And because he had no money, he wanted the state to pay the \$5 million.

- A convicted New York rapist sued the state, claiming he lost sleep and suffered headaches and chest pains after being given a "defective haircut" by an unqualified barber.

- A Nevada inmate sued when he ordered two jars of chunky peanut butter at the Nevada State Prison canteen and received one chunky and one creamy.

- A San Quentin death row inmate sued California, claiming his civil rights were violated because his packages were sent via

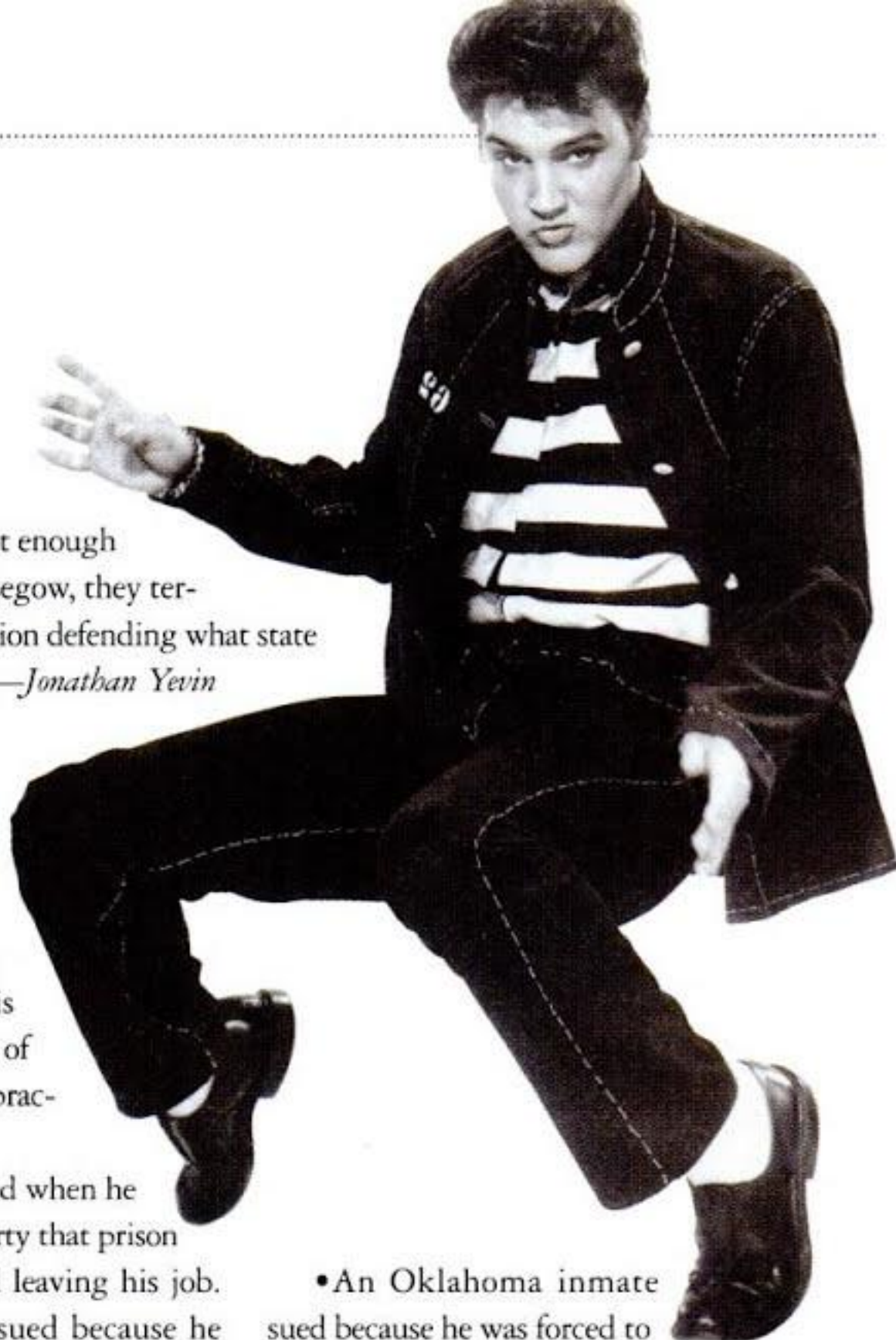
UPS rather than the U.S. Postal Service.

- An Oklahoma inmate alleged his religious freedoms were violated but could not say just how in his suit because the main tenet of his religion was that all its practices were secret.

- An Arizona inmate sued when he was not invited to a pizza party that prison employees held for a guard leaving his job.

- An Indiana prisoner sued because he wanted to obtain Rogaine for male-pattern baldness.

- An Ohio inmate sued for being denied possession of soap on a rope.



- An Oklahoma inmate sued because he was forced to listen to country music.

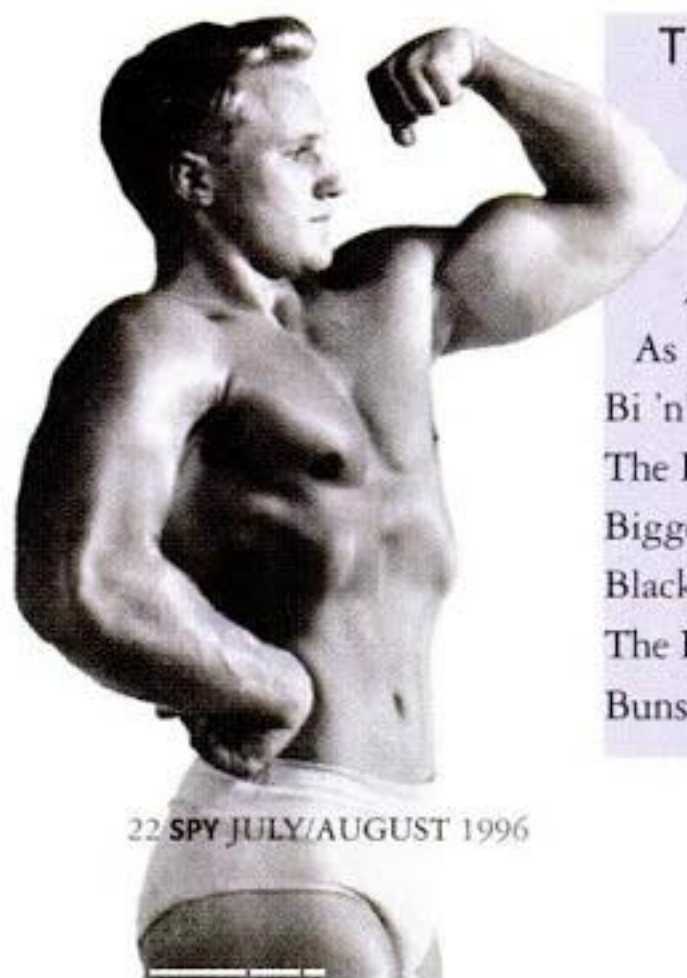
- A Colorado con sued for early release because "everyone knows a con only serves about three years of a 10-year sentence."

homophobia@aol.com

sex, lies, videotape, and gay-bashing

America Online is the "family oriented" online service that once censored all usage of the word *breast*, even when referring to breast cancer. But will it advertise hot 'n' steamy gay videos? Sure! Just ask Jeff Satkin, owner of ATKOL Gay Videos in Plainfield, New Jersey. Satkin signed a one-year deal to run his video catalog on

DT AOL, an AOL area for vendors to display their wares. But he discovered the arbitrary nature of AOL's censorship guidelines when it rejected more than 25 titles which "didn't reflect the image we would like to project." On a curious note, some of the titles AOL *did* run sound more lurid than the gay videos deemed offensive.—Robert Knight



TITLES CENSORED BY AOL

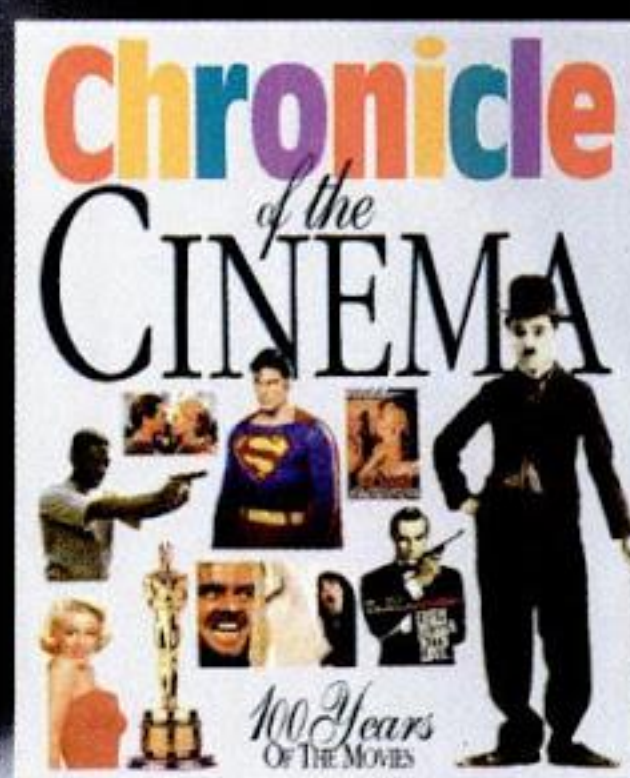
A Brother's Desire
Advanced Disrobics
All the Right Stuff
As the Bed Turns
Bi 'n' Large
The Big Nasty
Bigger than Huge
Black Dudes
The Boy Next Door
Buns 'n' Hoses

TITLES ACCEPTED BY AOL

A Family Affair
Lockerroom Fever
All Men Do It!
Bed Tales Bare Bones
Bi-Conflict
The Big Drill
Bigger than Life
Blond Lovers
Boys from New Jersey
Bung Hole Buddies

Dirty Pictures
Everybody Does It
Filth
Gayracula
Leather Angel
Man in Motion
Men in Shorts
Night Maneuvers
The Rites of Spring
Skin Deep
Tough and Tender
White Trash

Dirty Picture Show
Every Which Way
Dirty Laundry
Gay Tarzan
Leather Report
The Man Inside
Men with Tools
Nights in Black Leather
The Rites of Summer
Skin Tight
Tough Iron
White on White



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Separated at Birth?



Scary monster Bela Lugosi...



...and scary minister Warren Christopher?



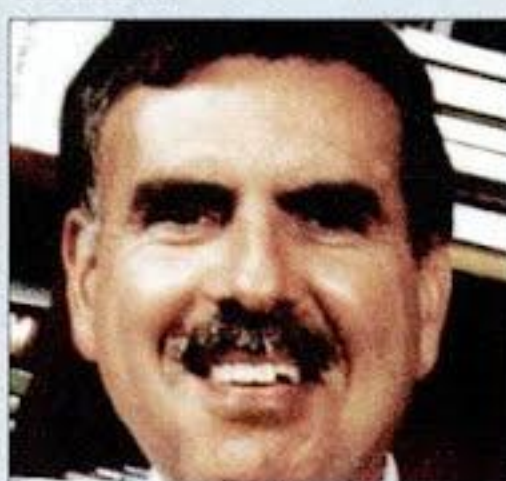
Toothy Bugs Bunny...



...and Teuton Claudia Schiffer?



Cheers's civil servant Cliff Clavin...



...and Time Warner's uncivil master Gerald Levin?



"Crazy" singer Seal...



...and wacky actor Wesley Snipes?



Dolphin Dan Marino...



...and flounder David Hasselhoff?

Like Rob Roy, Only Rousing

Is There a Thesaurus in the House?

Mel Gibson inspires critical overkill

Although actors claim that they don't read their critics, critics are obviously reading each other. Consider reviews for Mel Gibson's astoundingly overlauded Scot biopic *Braveheart*, which not only ravaged the Academy Awards but also seemed to leave reviewers, including Siskel and Ebert, with a severe case of Mad Rouse Disease. Generally speaking, critics found the movie pretty rousing.—*Dan Bova*

"...the rousing story of Scottish freedom fighter William Wallace." *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

"...the violence is integral to a rousing story." *Commercial Appeal* (Memphis)

"...this rousing tale of 13th century Scotland rarely seems like an overstuffed haggis." *Hartford Courant*

"A heart-thumping, rousing, patriotic epic." *Daily Record*

"Mel Gibson's rousing Scottish epic is simplistic and passionate in equal measures." *Times Newspapers Limited*

"Director Mel Gibson's intense, rousing epic of 13th century Britain." Gene Siskel, *Chicago Tribune*

"A rousing historical epic about Scotland's legendary freedom fighter." *Star Tribune*

"...another rousing historical epic in which the star is dressed to kilt." *Detroit News*

"Gibson rises to the challenge, delivering his most rousing performance in years." *Santa Fe New Mexican*

"Gibson's rousing speech before battle sounds a lot like Shakespeare's Henry V's on St. Crispin's Day." *Baltimore Sun*

"...rousing performances from a supporting cast." *Irish Times*

"...chaotic, bloody, and rous-

ing." *Village Voice*

"...rousing in a way we haven't seen since Spartacus hung 'em up." *Ottawa Citizen*

"*Braveheart* charged into Norway with a rousing \$240,000 in six days on 30 screens." *Variety*

"Gibson's film rode into Malaysia with a rousing \$164,500." *Daily Variety*

"Director-actor Mel Gibson's rousing epic-with-kilts is much longer than the meandering *Rob Roy*." *Seattle Times*

"...outrageously gory, often rousing historical-adventure-epic." *Boston Herald*

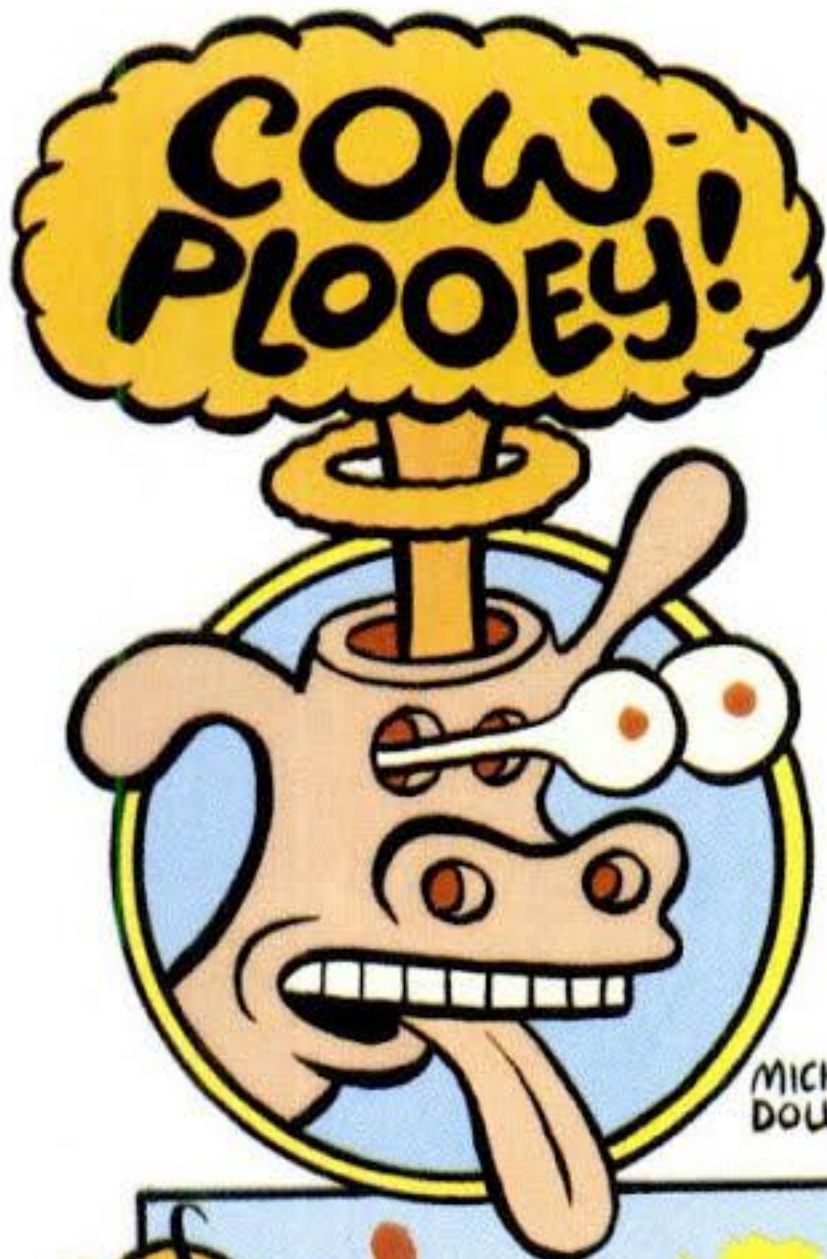
"Whatever the reason for this sudden interest in Scottish history, it's a good place to look for rousing movie material." *News & Record* (Greensboro, NC)

"James Horner's rousing theme tune is not so far removed from 'I vow to thee my country,' that most English of hymns." *Independent* (London)

"...a rousing film about the 13th-century nationalist William Wallace." *The Times* (London)

"In the rousing *Braveheart*, Mel Gibson plays William Wallace, a legendary Scots warrior." Roger Ebert, *Chicago Sun-Times*

"...a rousing entertainment worthy of its predecessors." *Post and Courier* (Charleston, SC)



MICHAEL DOUGAN

MAD COW DISEASE
TERRORIZED GREAT
BRITAIN LAST SPRING...

FOR DECADES, BRITISH FARMERS HAVE BEEN FEEDING THEIR CATTLE—WHICH ARE HERBIVORES—WITH PROTEIN SUPPLEMENTS IN THE FORM OF SHEEP BRAINS, SPINE, AND OTHER PARTS.



SHEEP TRANSMITTED SCRAPIE, A BRAIN DISEASE, TO THE COWS. MAD COW DISEASE ATTACKS THE BRAIN THROUGH THE ACTION OF A ROGUE PROTEIN CALLED A PRION, WHICH LITERALLY BORES HOLES IN THE BRAIN UNTIL IT RESEMBLES A SPONGE.

U.S. AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT OFFICIALS, FEARING IT WOULD SPREAD TO AMERICAN LIVESTOCK, TIGHTENED REGULATIONS... BUT WAS IT TOO LATE?



ANIMAL HEALTH-CARE SPECIALISTS WERE PUZZLED BY THE SUDDEN INCREASE IN BOVINE BRAIN DISORDERS.



AMERICAN CATTLE WERE SEEKING TREATMENT FOR PARANOIA, ANXIETY, AND DEPRESSION IN RECORD NUMBERS. AT LEAST HUMANS WERE SAFE. ... OR WERE THEY?

CONSIDER: JOHN DUPONT...



PAT BUCHANAN



JOE PESCI



TO AVOID AN OUTBREAK OF MASS CONFUSION, THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION RECRUITED ELIZABETH TAYLOR TO HEAD UP A PUBLIC AWARENESS CAMPAIGN.



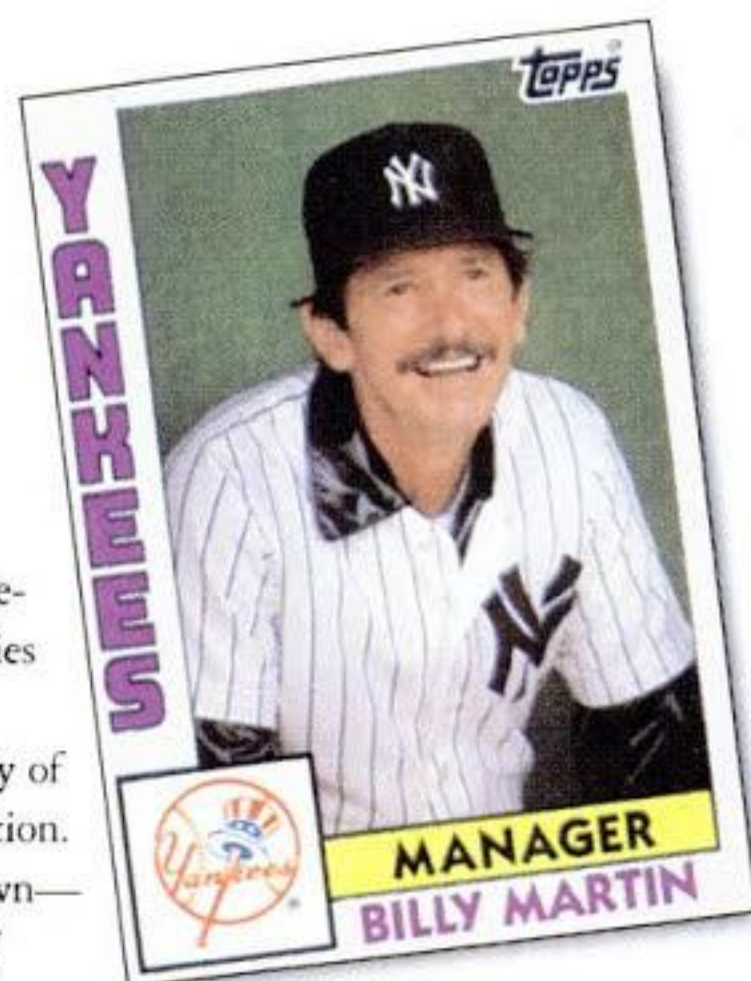
Fifteen Men Out

The Bronx Bombers, Druggies, Sex Offenders, Drunkards, Etc.

Trading block? Some Yankees belong in a cell block.

As the New York Yankees battle their way through another season, they are constantly reminded of their proud baseball tradition. No, not the heritage of pennants, World Series championships, and on-field glories, but the team's storied history of off-field scandals.

Babe Ruth's womanizing and Mickey Mantle's drinking paved the way for the Yanks' legacy of debauchery, but the Yankees of recent years have more than lived up to the team's fabled reputation. Here's an all-scandal lineup of current and recent-era Yankees, all of whom—from the boss on down—have proved worthy of wearing the famed pinstripes. Or stripes of another kind.—Philip Berroll



•First base, Joe Pepitone

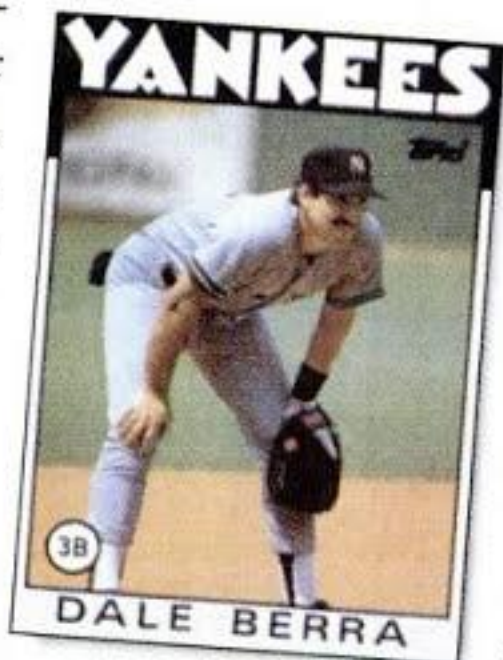
Served four months on drug charges, 1988. Pleaded guilty to driving while impaired after crashing in New York's Midtown Tunnel and found mumbling, "I'm Joe Pepitone," 1995.

•Second base, Billy Martin

As manager, fired by Yankees five times, including: after smashing in the face of marshmallow salesman, 1979; after drunken bar brawl, 1985; after drunken brawl in Texas strip club, 1988. Died in drunk-driving wreck.

•Shortstop, Dale Berra

One-year suspension for drug use, 1986. Indicted on and later got off drug-possession charges, 1990.



•Third base, Wade Boggs

Eventually settled \$6 million palimony suit of former mistress, 1988 (he was married at the time). Later confessed to being a "sex addict."

•Right field, Dave Winfield

Lost paternity suit brought by woman who claimed to have been his common-law wife, 1985. Sued by Mike Tyson's then mother-in-law, Ruth Roper, who accused him of giving her a venereal disease, 1988. Denied claims; settled suit.

•Center field, Mel Hall

Pictured in Yankee yearbook with 17-year-old girlfriend at her high school prom, 1991. Got charges for illegally owning two pet cougars dropped after paying \$2,000 to charity, 1991.

•Left field, Luis Polonia

Spent 30 days in Milwaukee jail for screwing 15-year-old, 1989.

•DH, Darryl Strawberry

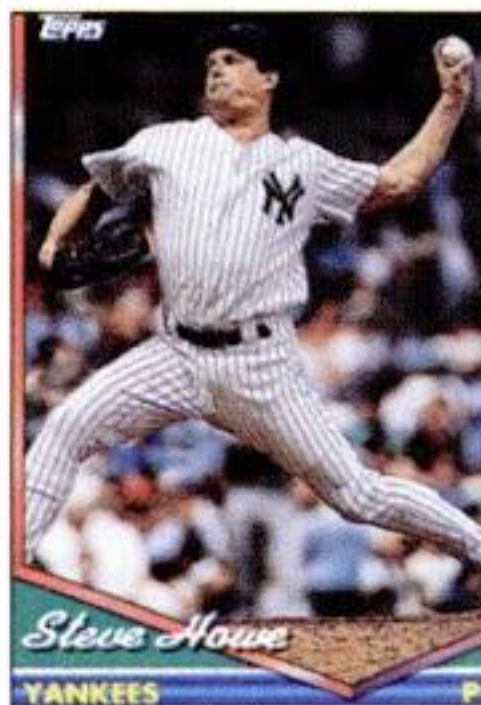
Entered alcohol rehab clinic after arrest for threatening his wife with a loaded pistol, 1990. Entered substance abuse clinic, 1994. Pleaded guilty to tax-evasion charges, 1995. Arrangement allowed him to play while under house arrest.

•Catcher, Butch Wynegar

Abruptly quit the Yankees during 1986 season to undergo psychiatric therapy. Later said doctors had diagnosed him as having "combat fatigue."

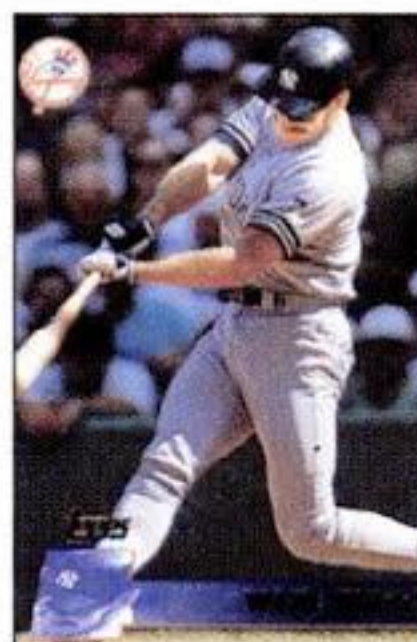
•Starting pitcher, Dwight "Doc" Gooden

Entered treatment center for alcohol abuse, 1987. Suspended for failing drug after-care program, 1994. Ticketed for driving 117 mph, 1995.



•Relief pitcher, Steve Howe

Suspended seven times for drug use. Pleaded guilty to attempted cocaine possession, 1994. Served probation by working in Yankees ticket office while teammates were on strike.

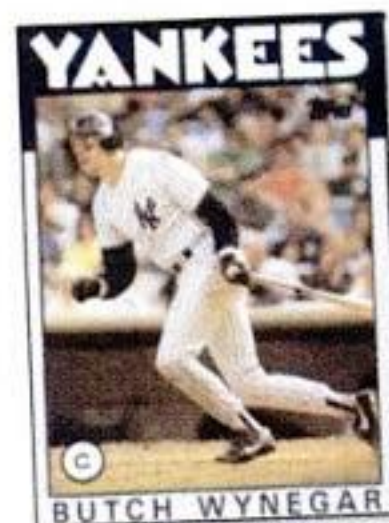


•Relief pitcher, David Cone

Denies masturbating in the bull pen in front of female fans during a game, 1989. Civil suit pending.

•On the bench, Ruben Sierra

League warns players off Bronx tavern partly owned by Sierra and reputed to be hangout of hoodlums and drug dealers, 1995.



•Manager, Billy Martin

See second base, above.

•General manager, Gene Michael

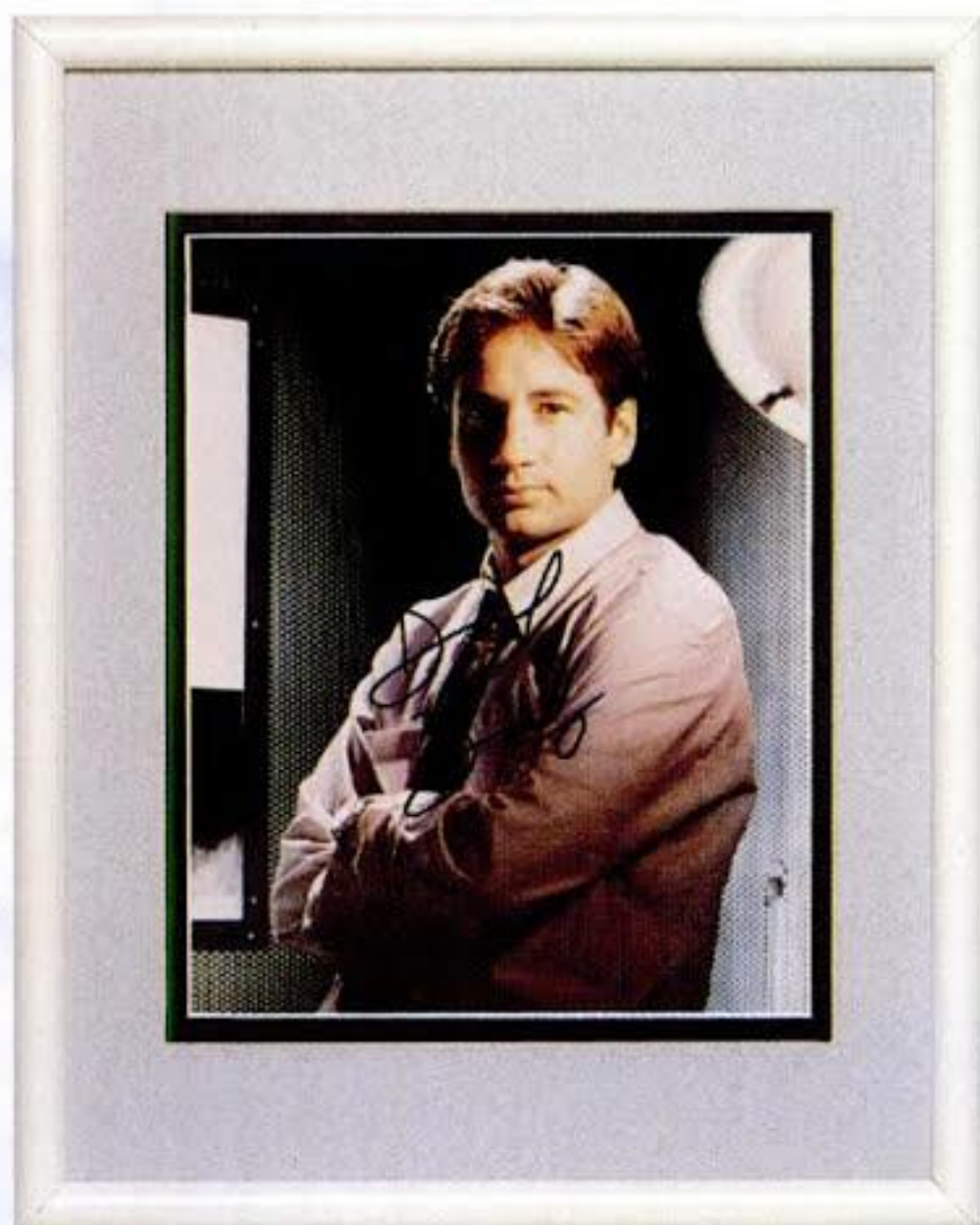
Arrested for D.W.I., 1995. Trial pending.

•Owner, George Steinbrenner

Pardoned by President Reagan for making illegal contributions to Nixon's 1972 presidential campaign. Other misdeeds too numerous to mention.

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The Caribbean Queen of Mean

"IF YOU COULD SEE ME NOW, out on a fun ship cruise," coos America's saccharine morning-talk-show sweetheart, Kathie Lee Gifford, in her Carnival Cruise Line television commercials. Kathie Lee and portly pals like Richard Simmons, Willard Scott, George Foreman,

and hubby Frank Gifford merengue, limbo, swim, sun, and stuff their faces quite cheerily in these inanely merry spots. But the fine print at the bottom of your screen hints that the captain's bridge is over troubled waters. And that red, white, and blue flag that flies above the crow's nest is *not* the star-spangled banner but the bars and single star of Africa's war-torn basket case, Liberia.

Carnival's ships are not registered in the United States but rather, as the disclaimer notes, in Liberia, Panama, and the Bahamas. These three nations are the global leaders in a seafaring trend in which smaller, poorer states, dubbing themselves "flags of convenience" (FoC), underbid larger countries for ship registrations. (Just under half of the world's 300 cruise ships are of Bahamian (53), Liberian (41), or Panamanian (38) registry.) Don't cry for the big boys—all's fair in the global marketplace. But next time you travel on a foreign-flagged cruise vessel, you might want to bring your own life jacket.

Ships, like cars, must be registered to operate legally. Flags are a sort of license plate of the seas. The International Transport Workers' Federation (ITF), a worldwide umbrella union for transportation workers, considers a ship to be us-

ing a flag of convenience "where beneficial ownership and control of a vessel is found to lie elsewhere than in the country of the flag the vessel is flying." Why register your ships in the United States when you can save close to one billion dollars registering them in some foreign outpost? It's the *Registry and Kathie Lee Show*.

BY REGISTERING IN a nation like Liberia, a ship owner can save hundreds of millions of dollars by virtue of considerably lower registration fees, lower taxes (if any), and lower inspection fees (if any). FoC nations also tend to look the other way when it comes to those cumbersome and expensive safety and environmental upgrades—replacing fatigued or stressed metal in a ship's skeletal hull or keel can put a ship owner out about

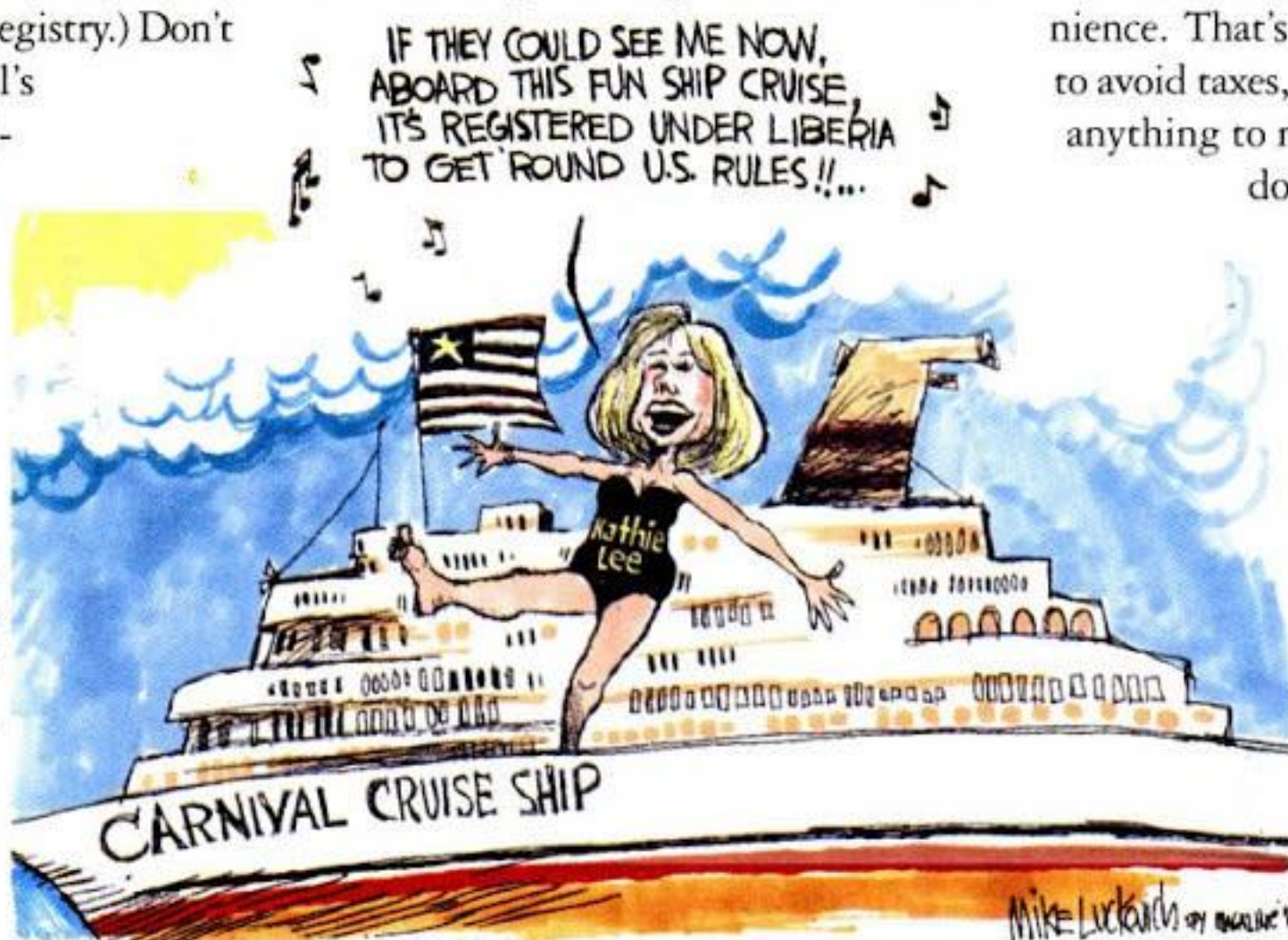
\$5 million. That's much more than a lifetime's supply of shuffleboard equipment.

Yet another huge cost-saver is the employment of unskilled, untrained labor: American flags require crews that meet American training standards. Pay for an American crew is four times as expensive as for a crew of, say, Filipino seamen. Non-officer crew members on FoC ships often have little or no seafaring knowledge and insufficient comprehension of basic safety procedures.

"It's a farce," says the ITF's John Sansone. "I know of a ship that hired an Indian crew just because the members had passports and the owner needed bodies onboard. They didn't know any seafaring rules and had no maritime certificates. Ship owners will pick a country and use the flag as a Flag of Convenience. That's how they play the game, to avoid taxes, unions, safety standards—anything to make a fast buck. They can

do just about anything they want to do."

About 90 percent of all cruise ship revenue is generated by American passengers. Though its corporate headquarters are in Miami, the Carnival Corporation is conveniently incorporated in Panama. The majority owners are the Arison family—retired father Ted's net worth is estimated at \$3.5 bil-



lion; son Mickey is owner of the NBA's Miami Heat franchise. And though Carnival would have paid \$200 million in U.S. taxes on the \$502.5 million it made in profits between 1985 and 1988, as a Panamanian corporation, it paid none. Even the American-owned Disney Cruise Line is getting into the FoC act; a Disney spokesperson told SPY that the two Disney ships, which will be christened in 1998, will be of Bahamian registry. It is indeed a small world after all.

The ITF has identified at least 21 FoC nations, including Liberia and Panama (which rose to the top of the registration roost under Noriega) and other tourist favorites such as Cyprus, Lebanon, and Myanmar. Other "nations" such as Bermuda, the Cook Islands, and the Isle of Man, which are not even recognized as countries by the United Nations, are also cashing in on the FoC payday.

BUT AS FOREIGN governments and cruise line companies get richer, safety regulations have walked the plank. Between 1975 and 1983, 14 of every 1,000 ships under Cypriot colors were lost at sea, more than three times the global average. A National Transportation Safety Board study concluded that FoC cruise ships, generally, were lacking in such safety givens as smoke detectors, sprinkler systems, sufficient life jackets, and operational lifeboats, and that their crews and operators were insufficiently licensed. Last February, the Liberian-flagged cargo vessel *Sea Empress* ran aground off the coast of Wales, spilling 70,000 tons of crude oil onto Welsh shores.

And two of Carnival's Liberian-flagged ships have seen their share of trouble: In May 1995, 118 passengers aboard *Fantasy* became violently ill after contracting shigellosis, a dysentery infection transmitted by infected food handlers. One month later, *Celebration* caught fire and was adrift in the Bahamas for two days. Six years earlier, *Celebration* plowed into a Cuban cement freighter—three members of the Cuban crew lost their lives, another lost his foot. Catch you on the Aloha Deck?

But it is the very existence of Liberian-registered cruise ships that is

particularly troublesome. As is the case with many FoC nations, Liberia's primary source of income is registering ships, and Liberia receives an estimated \$20 million annually from its registry, accounting for 99 percent of official revenue. But though it is raking in registry money, Liberia is no longer even a functioning state—whether there even is a Liberian government today is arguable. Voting rights at the U.N. General Assembly have been suspended for missed dues payments. That's because the West African nation is an underpublicized Bosnia, home of a brutal seven-year civil war in which 150,000 people have been killed and a third of the population of 2.5 million has been displaced. Though the fighting in Liberia predates the recent trouble in Bosnia, it only recently merited press coverage when American marines launched an evacuation of U.S. citizens last March.

There are at least three warring factions, each soldiered by strung-out adolescents armed with AK-47s and machetes. The *New York Times* reported that it was quite common for soldiers to "rip out people's intestines and use them to string up roadblocks." One of the warring parties, the Liberian Peace Council, eats the hearts and penises of its enemies. Hey Regis, enjoying the midnight buffet?

And cruise lines hoping to obtain a cheap Liberian registry don't even have to sully their hands by traveling to this battle-ravaged hellhole—Liberia entrusts its registry business to a New York City-based for-profit company, International Registries, Inc. In fact, a ship registered in Liberia *never* actually has to go to Liberia. "The Liberian flag is in New York City," says the ITF's Sansone.

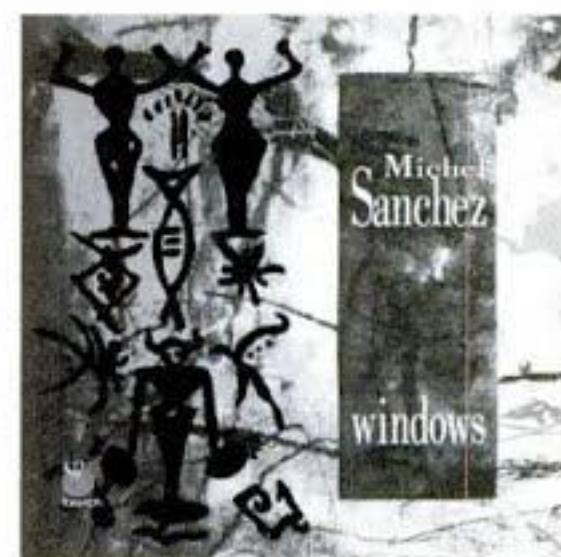
Of Carnival's 12 ships (the twelfth will debut in November of this year), six are of Liberian registry. So, while you are partying aboard Carnival's Liberian-flagged *Celebration*, *Fantasy*, *Imagination*, *Ecstasy*, *Jubilee*, or *Tropicale*, be thankful that the Liberian capital of Monrovia is not a port of call.

If only your friends could see you now.—Lance Gould

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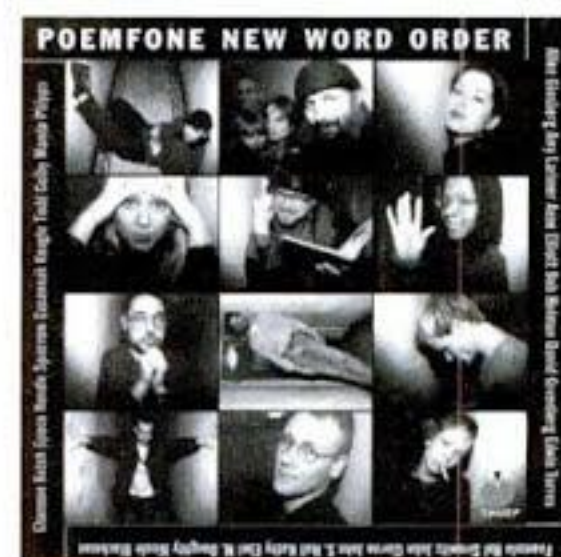
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Al Gore Sets a Smoke Screen

YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT THE SECURITY of the nation was at stake, the way official Washington handled that bit of "unpleasantness" emanating from the Gore household recently. A politician's kid proves he's comparatively normal by getting himself busted for drugs in school,

and suddenly flags are at half mast and Washington's warring parties have set aside their petty differences to offer solemn, stricken shakes of the head—and, of course, to assure one another that the unfortunate matter will be treated with utmost discretion.

So, no, you won't read about it in the *Washington Post* or *Time*, or see it broadcast on *The McLaughlin Group* or CNN, but every news bureau chief in town knows that Vice-President Al Gore's son was unceremoniously suspended from his father's prestigious prep school, St. Albans, for carrying a substance officially deplored by both political parties, but probably quite plentiful in certain youngish White House staffers' decorative snuff boxes.

The reason this information has been suppressed: Al Gore called the city's journalistic gatekeepers *personally* and begged them to keep it under wraps.

Lacking the purview to say he didn't inhale, the younger Gore has presented Al and Tipper (the clean-lyrics champion who was apparently too busy vetting the boy's CD collection to notice

any suspicious substance stashed in his book bag) with every Washington family's nightmare (and for the second family, a policy crisis).

Nothing undermines Washington's zero-tolerance pieties quite like a politician's kid who knows how to roll his own joints. Little Gore's misfortune also reverberates on a more immediate level with the media muckety-mucks around town, half of whom have kids in the same age bracket, in the same endowment-larded private schools—and likely with the same dope dealers.

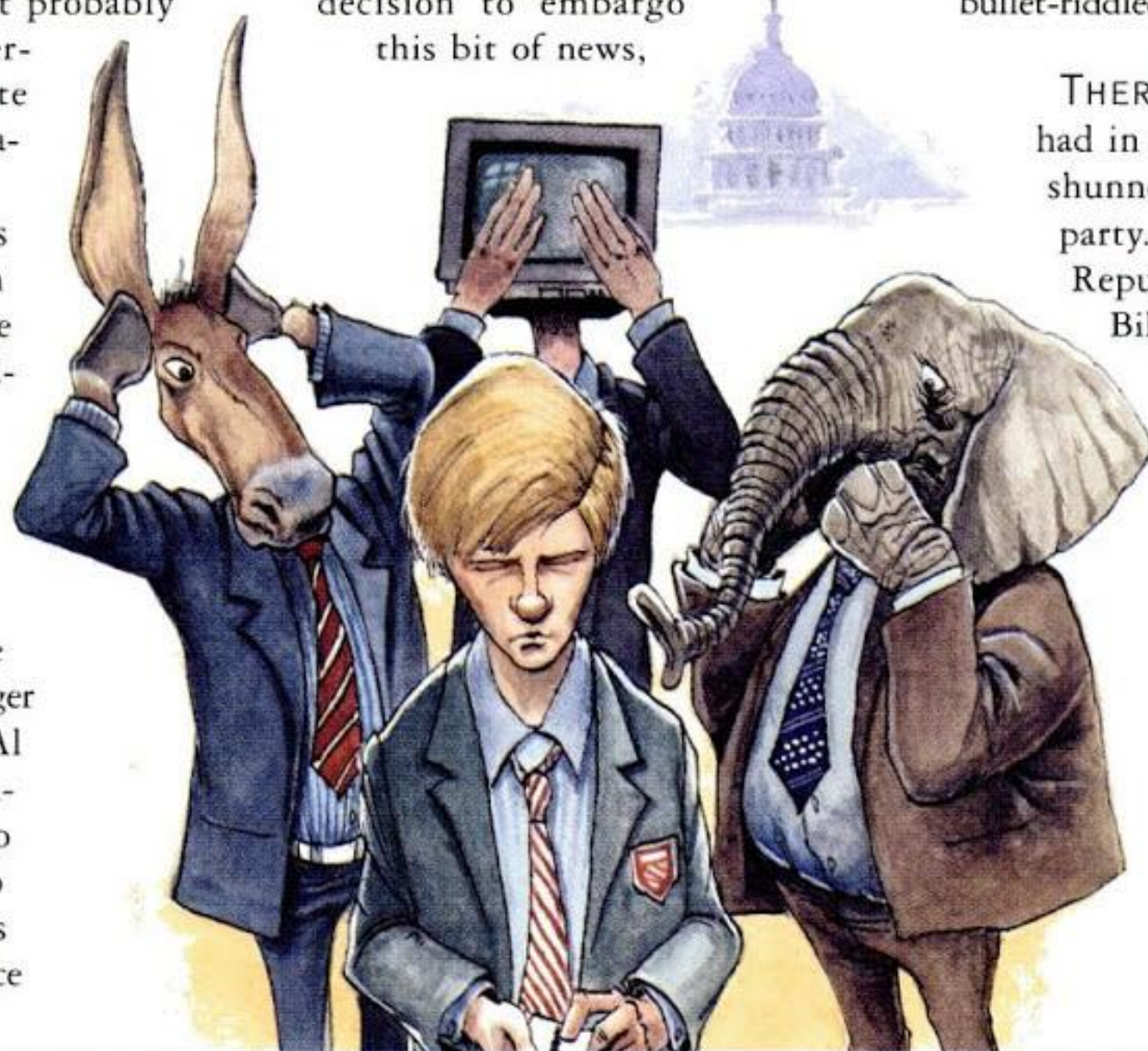
The capital's news barons didn't debate their gentlemanly decision to embargo this bit of news,

but they were no doubt pleased with themselves for such a collective show of concerned, humane restraint. Washington takes care of its own. Besides, now the Vice-President owes every last one of them—big—and the kahunas of the press corps can expect to have their calls to the veep returned just a little more quickly in the future.

And please save your lament for some less fortunate son. The lad, being who he is, can blow as many second chances as he likes. He'll still get into Harvard—it's Daddy's alma mater. And no matter what happens, it's unlikely he'll be packed off to one of Washington's bullet-riddled public schools.

THERE ARE WORSE fates to be had in this town—you could be shunned by your own political party. Just ask middle-aged Republican conscience quacks Bill Bennett and Jack Kemp, who enter the presidential election season with millstones hanging where their Sears' neckties used to be.

Kemp, a past presidential candidate and flat-tax advocate who cultivates an aura of "compassion," endorsed prep-school Stepford creep Steve Forbes for president in spite of warnings from



the party's Boss Tweed, Newt Gingrich, that he'd be "finished," politically, if he backed the tassel-toed millionaire over Bob Dole.

Days later, Forbes dropped out, leaving Kemp to explain not only his timing but his state of mind. Of course, this is too much to ask of a simple ex-jock-turned-politician. Kemp isn't taking calls, as they say, possibly in the vain hope that a low profile will help Dole and Gingrich forget his perfidy.

More likely, he's in shock over the probability that he will spend the rest of his professional life trapped in a think tank, sitting in a research chair, living off Republican welfare (foundation and grant money) while giving low-fee speeches to the Polystyrene Packaging Council and writing position papers nobody reads—not even Republicans. Such is the Sartre-esque *No Exit* for the disloyal party hack.

AT LEAST KEMP WILL have some company. Bennett, the former chain-smoking drug czar whose opinions on morality-based child rearing have roughly the credibility of draft-averse Bill Clinton's attempts at military statesmanship, came out of his policy hut to take over the listless campaign of GOP window mannequin Lamar Alexander. Days later, Alexander left the race, leaving Bennett to deal with the surly, grudge-bearing Dole.

Bennett seems to have developed a fatal attraction to misalliances. His other prominent partner, anti-rap nag C. Dolores Tucker, is self-destructing spectacularly, and taking the credibility of their safe-music crusade down with her. Tucker, it turns out, while campaigning against the demonic powers at Time Warner—who shame-facedly dumped a few of its more colorful subsidiaries—may have been striking her own deal with the devil. Now she's battling Death Row Records, the creative cell block housing cuss-happy rap acts such as the recently acquitted Dr. Dre and the recently acquitted Snoop Doggy Dogg, over charges she tried to steal their acts to form a PG-rap label. Even young Gore could have told her that scheme was half-baked.—*Crocker Jarmon*

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Disclosure Meets the Peters Principles

SEXUAL HARASSMENT IS AS PREVALENT in the Hollywood work environment

as black lung disease was at one time in the coal-mining business. Why, oh, why must the captains of the entertainment industry continually plunge into costly litigation—summoned to court by their

cast-off secretaries—when they could just *expense* their debaucheries like Don “Top Gun” Simpson did? Simpson’s sadistic sexual deviancies, detailed in the best-seller *You’ll Never Make Love in This Town Again*, included torturing young call girls; one of his favorite practices involved tying a woman up, strapping a rubber ball in her mouth à la *Pulp Fiction*, dunking her head in the toilet, and then making her drink while he urinated in the bowl. But Simpson was no idiot: he knew that this behavior would be inappropriate in the workplace. (Simpson has since expired, ironically on the crapper.)

While he was discrete enough to limit his activities to the home front, most of this season’s crop of accusations tend to fly in the work place. Take that high-profile pal of Los Angeles’s *other* Simpson (O.J.), Don Ohlmeyer, the president of NBC West. Ohlmeyer had his testicles served to him for lunch by the network’s V.P. of prime time programming, Jamie McDermott. McDermott, who has been romantically linked to fired Letterman toadie Bob “I Still Love You, Dave” Morton, reportedly menaced Ohlmeyer with threats of a sexual harassment suit (puzzlingly later denied by both parties, though supposedly orchestrated by Michael Ovitz) in order to get out of her NBC contract for a more lucrative one at ABC.

Then there’s United Talent Agency agent Gavin Polone, who was dismissed by UTA for “inappropriate behavior” toward fellow agent Nancy Jones, though subsequent legal threats forced UTA to publicly retract said reasons for Polone’s dismissal.

But there is a much more insidious sexual harassment case in Tinseltown that has been getting far less kink ink. Jon Peters, the aging boy-wonder producer of *Batman* and *Rain Man*, and head of his own production company, Peters Entertainment, was named in a “sexual harassment-plus” suit filed in Los Angeles Superior Court last January. This case is bizarre even by Hollywood standards.

PETERS’S TRACK record with women speaks for itself.

(More on that later.) But the shocker in this latest harassment case against Peters is that *he* is not the principal defendant.

That honor belongs to the president of his company—Tracy Barone, a woman, who was the executive producer of *Money Train*. Even more intriguing is that the charges were levied by a woman, Barone’s pornographically named ex—executive assistant, September Bradford. Peters and Barone have denied all allegations, generally and specifically. Herewith is some of the actual transcript from the complaint lodged by Bradford.

• *Beginning almost immediately after Plaintiff (September Bradford) was hired... Tracy Barone... began making sexually harassing remarks to plaintiff, which remarks Plaintiff sought to ignore. As the remarks became more persistent, Plaintiff found them more difficult to accept. These remarks continued until Plaintiff was terminated by Barone on or about August 10, 1995.*

• *In a staff meeting which included Plaintiff, Barone commented upon male sexual appendages of certain individuals which were then doing business with and/or affiliated with Jon Peters and related companies.*

• *Barone stated to Plaintiff, with Peters Entertainment employee, Lynda Murry, present, “Look how big September’s tits are.... Lift up your shirt and show your breasts.” Plaintiff declined to lift her shirt. Barone laughed at Plaintiff.*



•Barone, in the presence of Plaintiff, asked Eric Siegel, a Vice-President under Barone, "Isn't September sexy, wouldn't you love to fuck her?" Barone stated, "If I were a man I would fuck her (Plaintiff)."

•Barone stated to Plaintiff, "Well don't you look cute today? You look like you should have a giant cock shoved up you (Plaintiff)."

•At a staff meeting in the presence of Plaintiff, Scott Solomon, Matt Bierman, Eric Siegel, Paul Golding, Jonah Brown, and Lynda Murry, Barone asked everyone to detail their experiences with anal sex. When Plaintiff and others refused, Barone slammed her hand down on the table and stated, "I am the president of this company and I will conduct the staff meetings however I see fit, and I want to know who here has had anal sex."

•Barone, in the presence of Plaintiff and others, asked Plaintiff how she had an orgasm. Barone then described a "toy" she used to reach orgasm and questioned Plaintiff as to whether Plaintiff owned any "toys." Plaintiff became embarrassed and left Barone's office.

After that, Bradford declared that she was subjected to continual harassment by Barone. Barone even tried to arrange a ménage à trois with her own boyfriend and Bradford, but September was not about to fall for that one. It was at that point that she started complaining. Backpedaling, Barone allegedly made Bradford all kinds of false promises, including partnership in a to-be-organized production company. But Barone dismissed Bradford before that deal could come to fruition.

A former Peters associate suggests of Barone: "Anybody who works for Jon Peters has to have that side to her. You can't go to Peters and say you're being sexually harassed. He treats all women like coozes."

NO STRANGER TO salacious behavior, Peters has earned a reputation for being damned near psychotic with his womanfolk. Peters married Barbra "Teleprompter" Streisand at a time when she was so hot she could have gotten a studio deal for her manicurist—actually, Peters was her hairdresser, but she was able to finagle a deal for him, anyway. An ex-associate describes him then as "functionally illiterate...he couldn't read. Scripts had to be read to him." And alle-

gations of him "manhandling" Babs abound. Says an ex-employee, "He had a lackey call a carpenter to repair a hole in a door at home because, according to Peters, 'It was the door, or her face.' " People, people who need therapy...

A previous marriage to actress Lesley Ann Warren had produced a son, Chris, and more bad-boy behavior. Next victim, Catherine Oxenberg, is said to have been beaten at his hands. Single again, Peters married an architectural designer named Christine Forsyth. Says Peters's ex-employee: "I said to my then boss, 'Hey! I just read somewhere that Jon Peters is getting married again.' " Then boss replied: "Yeah, well, I hope her favorite colors are black and blue."

As a businessman, Peters's favorite color is definitely red. The movie production Dynamic Duo Peters and Peter Guber received a now infamous deal that nearly bankrupted Sony, and Peters's lavish spending on the bimbo of the month helped drive them into near ruin. One of the first people Peters hired at Sony was beautiful blonde Darris Hatch. He plucked her from obscurity as a middling agent. Next, she's boffing Peters, and he made her an executive V.P.—starting at a quarter-mil salary, with a five-year contract and a Mercedes thrown in to ride in when she wasn't riding him. When Peters tired of her, she was unceremoniously let go—she has yet to work in the business at that level again.

The Hatch affair was one of a string of embarrassments to studio executives at Sony, and it wasn't long before Peters himself was canned. One of his favorite abuses of power had him winging a coterie of cuties around the world in the Sony jet. In fact, Bruce Willis was once bumped from a VIP flight because Peters had the limo-in-the-sky tied up and full of flowers en route to his Swedish super-model girlfriend, Vendela.

This time, Peters seems to be responsible only for nurturing an office from hell, while his president did the dirty work. Barone is the executive producer of two upcoming films, *My Fellow Americans* and *Rosewood*. No word yet on whether there will be further September releases.—C. C. Baxter

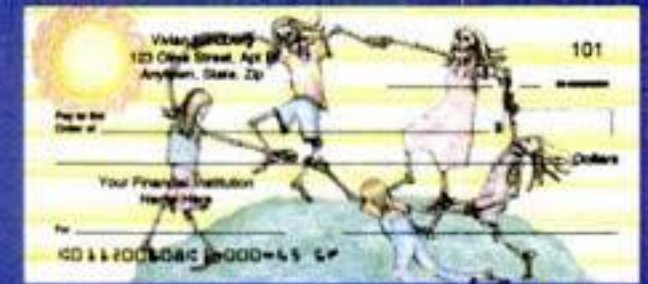
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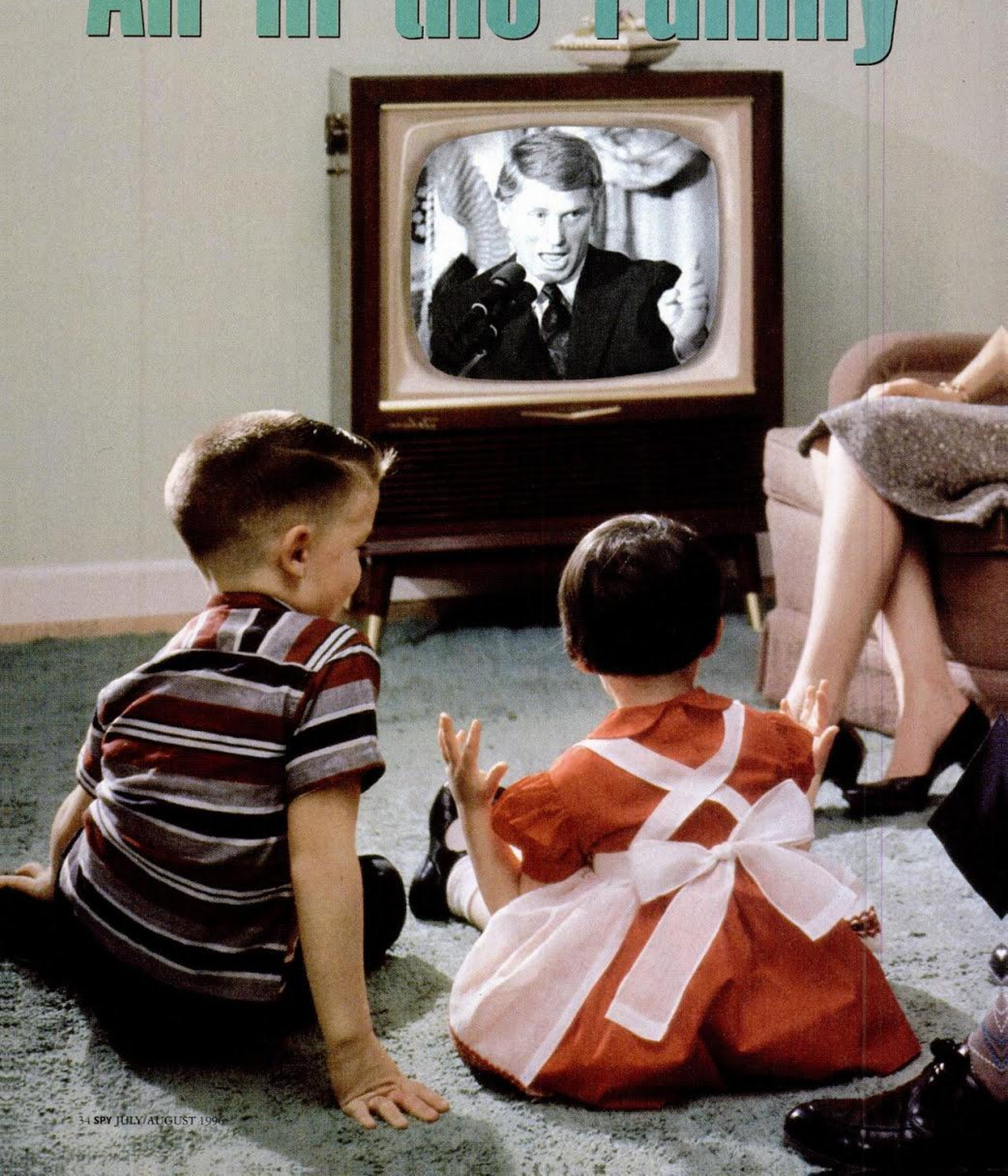
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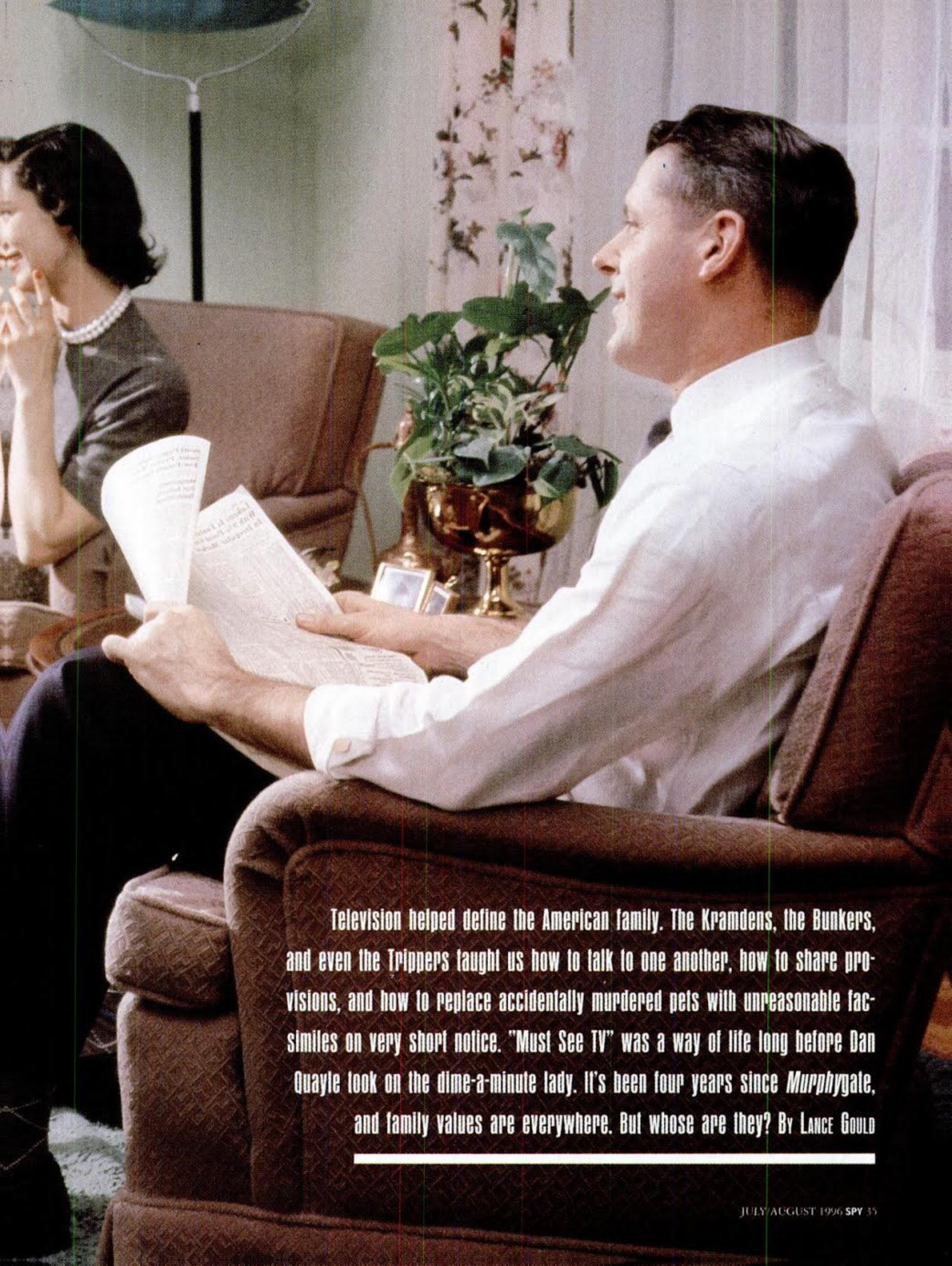
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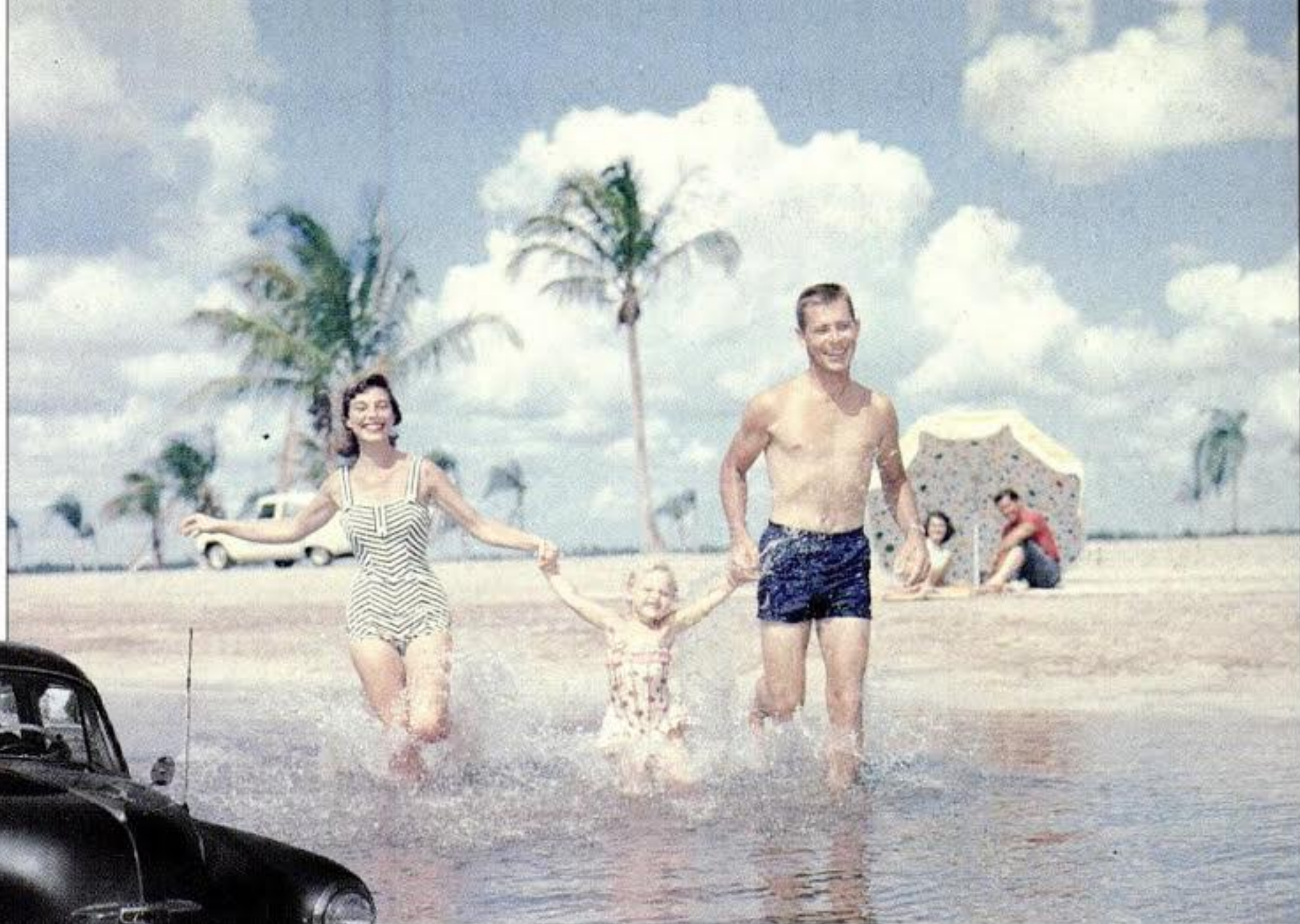
All in the Family





Television helped define the American family. The Kramdens, the Bunkers, and even the Trippers taught us how to talk to one another, how to share provisions, and how to replace accidentally murdered pets with unreasonable facsimiles on very short notice. "Must See TV" was a way of life long before Dan Quayle took on the dime-a-minute lady. It's been four years since *Murphygate*, and family values are everywhere. But whose are they? By LANCE GOULD

When our elected officials
aren't looking, we're
sipping herbal ecstasy with
a guy named Carl in a
chartreuse evening gown.



As with all great ideas, it's difficult to see with hindsight why nobody thought of

Family Values sooner. Has

there ever been an era in our cozy history when we were more preoccupied with family matters than we are here in the post-Quayle nineties? When we were more snug as a bug in the family-room rug? More together? More "I got all my sisters with me"? The hot-button political issues of the moment are all in some way family oriented: deadbeat dads; single welfare mothers; teen pregnancy. And, like it or loathe it, the principles of Quayle Bonding are also beginning to shape the artistic landscape of the mass media.

Television, where Quayle fired his first salvo, is currently trying to get itself ready for a massive booster injection of family values. Industry executives recently proposed a ratings system for network television that will likely be based on the ratings code used by the movie industry. The improbable and cool-sounding V-chip will allow concerned parents to block "offensive" programming from individual television sets. And even more protection will be available in the "kidproof remote control," which will allow kids access to only six

stations, including Nickelodeon, the Family Channel, and Disney. Can the all-Erkel channel be far behind?

American cinema is also in transition. While the X rating has been excised, there are more G-rated movies in theaters than at any time since 1978. Last year, there were more than three times as many G-rated flicks released (25) than there were in 1990 (8). Hollywood is rewarding itself for its good behavior, nominating *Babe* for a number of Oscars, including Best Picture. Few things, mysteriously, are as strong a symbol of family values as a genius pig without a mother.

The Internet—one of relatively few outlets for coprophilic pedophiles to exchange collectibles—is also playing along for now, subjecting itself to a family-values white-glove test. Two software programs aimed at parents have hit the market—Net Nanny and Cyber-sitter—both designed to monitor kids as they cruise the info-superhighway. Ornithologists have been banned from discussing titmice on America Online. And CompuServe just launched its WOW! service for family-valuing net users, which will allow children to explore the World Wide Web under the electronic supervision of WOW! staffers. WOW! plans to

Long after great American leaders have left the political stage, their surnames live on in their ideologies. Jeffersonians and Hamiltonians argue to this very day about states' rights; the Monroe Doctrine continues to keep our foes on their toes; and *Carter Country* is a sleepy Southern sitcom without peer. But who would have guessed that a goofy junior senator from Indiana—an intellectual lightweight and a notoriously bad speller—would leave his own equally hefty legacy?

Let's call it Quayle Bonding. Four years ago, in attacking a fictional television character—Murphy Brown—for her decision to raise a baby as a single mother, J. Danforth Quayle managed to stumble across an issue that actually touched a nerve with the American public. And though he was still a liability to George Bush in the 1992 campaign, let's give the little bugger some credit for having midwifed one of the most insidious, popular, and unignorable moral campaigns to ever see the light of day.

keep what it calls a "white list" of the top 100 family-friendly Web sites—a move destined to be a smashing success with surfers of color.

Even America's few celebrated bastions of depravity are coming under attack as nuclear families become the new "hot" demographic. Disney is opening a hotel and theater in the worst part of New York's seedy Times Square. Gangsta rap is out, family-style situation comedies starring rappers (*Fresh Prince of Bel Air*, *In the House* with L. L. Cool J, *Living Single* with Queen Latifah) are in. And next season, the NBA's Washington Bullets will change their name to the Washington Wizards—not just for the mellifluous alliteration but because "bullets" are bad in a family-threatening way, and "wizards" are apparently good.

Like the rogue protein implicated in mad cow disease, family values have drilled their way into our collective cerebellum with very little resistance. How did this happen? "People found license in the sixties, explored it, and they've hit the wall," explains David Horowitz, president of the Center for the Study of Popular Culture, a conservative think tank. "The sixties opened up American culture. Liberty turned into license. That was fun. But it's very difficult to bring up children in a culture so open, so it's closing up."

So the stage is set for Quayle Bonding and family values to be a central theme of the upcoming November election, and both candidates are positioning themselves as the family-friendly choice. But though the electorate embraces the issue publicly in opinion polls—and possibly even inside the voting booth—in the privacy of their own homes, family values are just about as welcome as visiting in-laws.

MUST SEE TV/TS

Nobody likes to lose. That's why college football powers like, say, Nebraska schedule games with patsies like, say, Prairie View University. That's why the Harlem Globetrotters play the Washington Generals. That's why we invaded the tiny Caribbean nation of Grenada. And that's why last year, in the pre-primary season, Republican party leaders drummed up some momentum by tackling can't-lose targets. After all, who would vote in defense of Time Warner and gangsta rap? Calvin Klein advertising campaigns likened to child pornography? Talk-show excrescences like Sally Jessy Raphael, Geraldo, and Ricki Lake?

Picking up the Republican gauntlet, Democrats also staked out some can't-lose terrain. Bill Clinton's State of the Union address used the bully pulpit to tackle the issue of school uniforms.

But as Republicans and Democrats tussle for family-values turf, and as Hollywood caves in to their every wish, there are signs that Americans have had enough of Quayle Bonding. Judging by what the American populace *actually* patronizes—as opposed to what Americans *pledge* to patronize—family values may soon become as hard to find as a deadbeat dad.

A few years ago, building on the success of NBC's *Cosby Show* and *Family Ties*, ABC recast itself as America's family television network, offering programs such as *Home Improvement*, *Full House*, and *Family Matters*, all of which were unrepentant meat-and-potatoes family sitcoms. When Disney purchased ABC/Capital

Cities, it looked like a family-TV juggernaut was on.

But for some reason the current number one network, NBC, remains in many ways the *antifamily* network. Most of its programs concern single twenty- and thirty-somethings leading anything but traditional family lifestyles. The peacock network's—and the country's—top five programs are *E.R.*, *Seinfeld*, *Friends*, *Caroline in the City*, and *The Single Guy*. *E.R.*'s biggest attractions are Dr. Ross (George Clooney), a womanizer who sleeps with his father's girlfriend, and Dr. Green (Anthony Edwards), who is currently undergoing divorce proceedings. *Seinfeld* plotlines are typically woven around masturbation, urine-stained couches, urinating in the shower, and other bathroom humor. After *Friends*' Ross (David Schwimmer) impregnated his wife, she left him for another woman, a move that makes her, technically, a "lesbian."

The one successful family show NBC currently has is *Third Rock from the Sun*, about a nuclear unit from outer space. Unfortunately, these visitors from another galaxy are not actually members of a family themselves but are merely *posing* as a family, having taken over some human bodies. Taking over bodies is

After *Friends*' Ross (David Schwimmer)

Impregnated his wife, she left him for another woman, a move that makes her, technically, a "lesbian."



textbook antifamily behavior.

And NBC has a promotional campaign to match the tone of its antitrade programming. The network's "Must See TV" campaign promotes huge program blocks on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays as opiate fixes for inveterate TV junkies. Juxtapose this campaign with ABC's "Thank God It's Friday" series, and guess which one plays better with the coveted 18-to-35-year-old demographic.

HOME MOVIES

Movie viewers are a little more difficult to read. G-rated movies are certainly flooding the theaters and doing quite well at the box office—but not necessarily at the expense of antifamily values films. Hollywood's first priority is to try and get families off the couch.

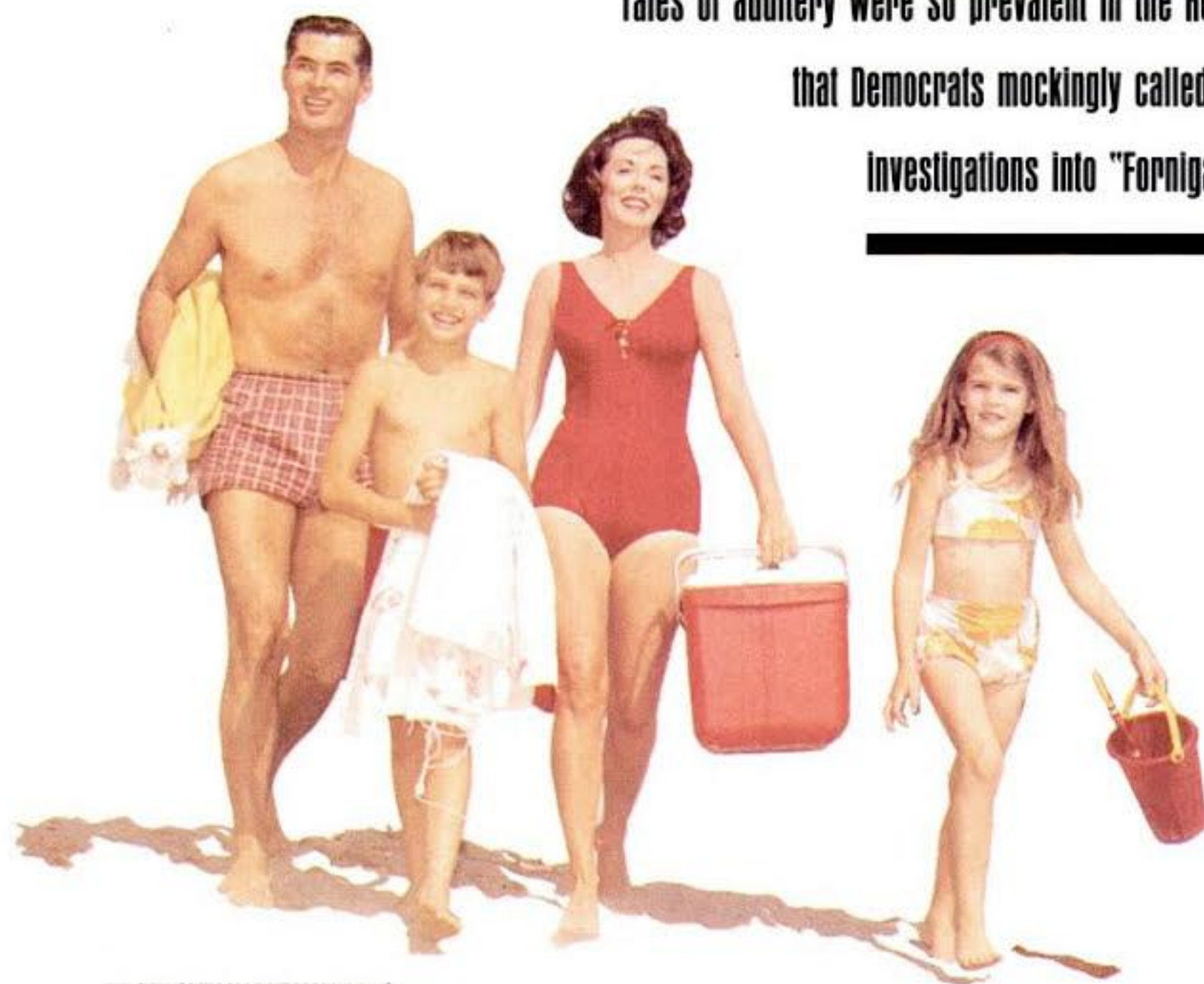
"The movie industry is recognizing that 98 percent of American households have televisions, and they're making greater efforts to get families to come to the theater," says Marde Gregory, associate director of UCLA's Center for Communication Policy, a liberal think tank. "G-rated movies allow families to

go to the theater together. But then at night, parents go to the movies on their own." And what adults currently crave, cinematically speaking, are stories that deviate from the norm.

Flirting with Disaster is a good example of an antifamily values film. Not only does it prominently feature a gay couple, an acid-dealing ring, adultery, and deviant, armpit-licking sex, but Mary Tyler Moore, the doyenne of classic family sitcoms, gratuitously showcases her shapely ta-tas. Thanks to a publicity blitz that focused almost exclusively on Moore's breast bravado, the movie opened strongly at the box office, reaping \$23,000 per screen its opening weekend, before settling into a moderate success—grossing \$6.6 million at press time. If Moore had fully exposed her mammaries—nips and everything—the film would surely have tripled its box office.

Mary's globes notwithstanding, the release of six major studio stripper films—including that other Moore's (Demi) much ballyhooed *Striptease* (Columbia) and the venerable *Showgirls* (United Artists)—within one year demonstrates that, even in Quayle-bonded America, audiences will still fight like orphan pigs to suckle the tit of a celebrity.

**Tales of adultery were so prevalent in the House
that Democrats mockingly called for
Investigations into "Fornigate."**



Hollywood also seems to be obsessed with drag queens. Witness the success of *To Wong Foo, With Love*, *Julie Newmar*; *Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*; and *The Birdcage*. On the small screen, Fox is preparing a drag-queen sitcom; *Victor/Victoria* was resurrected for the Broadway stage; Howard Stern graced the cover of his second book in drag; and RuPaul managed to get catapulted to stardom simply because he is a drag queen.

Talk about mixed messages. We tell our elected officials that we want more family values, but when they're not looking, we're sipping herbal ecstasy with a guy named Carl in a chartreuse evening gown. What do we really want?

"We have a schizophrenic national mind-set," says David Horowitz. "On the one hand, there is a moralistic striving for the Puritan tradition, always seeking reform to improve people's lives. But on the other hand, there is a total distrust of government, an anarchistic impulse, a frontier impulse that no one's going to tell us what to do."

THE G.O.P. ITCH

Dan Quayle, the founding father of modern family values, is about to publish *The American Family: Discovering the Values That Make Us Strong*. But how convincing are the Quayles as an example of the traditionally tight-knit American family, and how comfortable is Marilyn "Pants in the Family" Quayle playing the role of a traditional subservient mother?

Though Marilyn Tucker Quayle criticized Hillary Rodham Clinton for the aggressive role she plays in the first family, she herself is an ambitious woman who, by all accounts, was far from pleased that federal law did not allow her to join a law firm after Dan tripped his way into the vice-president's office. She had, after all, induced labor in 1974 while pregnant with her first child just so she could take her Indiana bar exams.

Other Republicans apply the same take-it-or-leave-it approach to family values. Quayle Bonding was one of the

calls-to-arms of the 1994 Republican Revolution—many candidates who were successful in their election efforts campaigned on the strength of their personal family values and their promises to enact family-values-oriented legislation. But of the 73 freshman congresspersons to take office, four are getting divorced, two more have marriages publicly on the rocks, and six more are saying they won't run this year because of marital stress. Tales of adultery were so prevalent in the House that Democrats mockingly called for investigations into "Fornigate."

But these small-fish Republicans can each find comfort in the fact that their high-profile leaders are absolute hypocrites as well. Bob Dole (divorced his first wife), Newt Gingrich (handed his first wife divorce papers while she was in the hospital getting treatment for cancer; missed child payments), Phil Gramm (divorced; invested \$7,500 in soft-porn movie *Beauty Queens* in 1974), and Pat Buchanan (has no children; his sister, Bay, who ran his campaign, is divorced) are strong family-values enthusiasts opposed to easy no-fault divorces. So is Al D'Amato (divorced; dated gossip columnist). So was Ronald Reagan (divorced; estranged from most of his children). So was Bob Packwood.

SLEAZY DOES IT

No one seems able to make up their mind about whether they like family values, not even the people who invented it. As neo-literato Dan Quayle runs a final spell-check on *The American Family*, wife Marilyn has just churned out a thriller called *The Campaign*, in which a Democratic presidential candidate is accused of rape and murder. Other conservative Quayle Bonding types have also joined the ranks of blood-and-guts novelists. Newt Gingrich is perhaps the most notable (1945), but William Safire (*Sleeper Spy*), former Watergate-creep-turned-Lutheran-pastor-while-in-the-joint Chuck Colson (*Gideon's Torch*), and even evangelist Pat Robertson (*The End of the Age*) have taken a stab at the stringing-

words-together gig. Here's an excerpt from Robinson's work: "Pieces of flesh began to fall from the soldiers' bones. Their eyeballs began to rot in their sockets. Their internal organs slowly began to turn to mush and they fell, gushing blood, one after another." *Daddy, I don't want to hear Dr. Seuss, read me the Pat Robertson book again!*

But not all of this antifamily Republican pulp is fiction. Pat Buchanan's 1987 autobiography, *Right from the Beginning*, is chock full of stunning admissions, foolish braggadocio, and contradictory behavior. He recalls fist fights, beer brawls, skirt chasing, and perhaps most shocking, the time he was arrested for speeding and proceeded to beat up two Washington, D.C., cops.

"It was in late October of 1959, two weeks before my 21st birthday....After a Saturday night date with a tall blonde from Virginia, I was cruising across Georgetown...and approached the rear of a patrol wagon tooling along at about 20 miles per hour."

After a brief honking exchange with police officers, Buchanan was charged with speeding.

"As he wrote out the ticket, I told him, in X-rated language, what I thought of him.

"'Out!' he yelled. 'Get out of the car!'

"Which I did. As I was being walked to the patrol wagon, I told the cop and his partner in graphic terms what I thought of them....I can fairly be said to have been 'resisting arrest.'"

He goes on to detail how he kicked one of the officers where he "thought it might do some good," escaped from the truck, was re-apprehended with the help of a bystander, became "enraged," and "hammered with my fist on the thick glass pane" of the paddy wagon, and then describes himself as a "caged beast." He ended up with a broken hand—the two cops ended up in the hospital.


Years later, Buchanan bragged to Brit Hume that "I was ahead on points, until they brought out the sticks." Buchanan pled guilty to simple assault charges; one can only wonder what would have happened if the trial had taken place in Los Angeles.

FAMILY FEUDING

So what's going on here? The blatant hypocrisy of politicians on both sides of the aisle is hardly shocking. We almost expect that of them, and encourage it (see Marion Barry). When it comes to family values, however, we ourselves, the straight-shooting American populace, are vulnerable to the same charge. There is a radical dichotomy between what the average American celebrates as a family-valuing, nation-healing piece of behavior and what he secretly gets up to in the privacy of his bedroom, his La-Z-Boy, or his Montana ranch compound.

And what is a "family" anyway? Last March, a United Nations conference wanted to pronounce the right to shelter for all the world's families. The primary stumbling point? Defining family. The Nordic states supported homosexual couples' claim to family, which was anathema to Catholic and Islamic states. Meanwhile, some Islamic states demanded that the term "family" also be applied to polygamous households. What about single mothers? And what about community *It Takes a Village*-type families—like the Branch Davidians?

"When people say they want a return to family values, they mean their own family values, which differ from person to person," says Marde Gregory. "So the only position we have is a minority position, the Christian Right. They are powerful because they are together."

And also because they've correctly identified mass media as the enemy. We all laughed at Quayle after his *Murphy Brown* debacle. How could anyone accuse Candice Bergen of being antifamily? *Candice Bergen*, the one who lets family members who live in different states exchange messages of love and solidarity for a measly ten cents a minute? But when we thought about what Quayle was saying, and we've had four long years to think about it, we suddenly remembered that watching TV—*Ozzie and Harriet*, the *Cleavers*, hell, even the *Munsters*—was how we learned what a family was in the first place. 

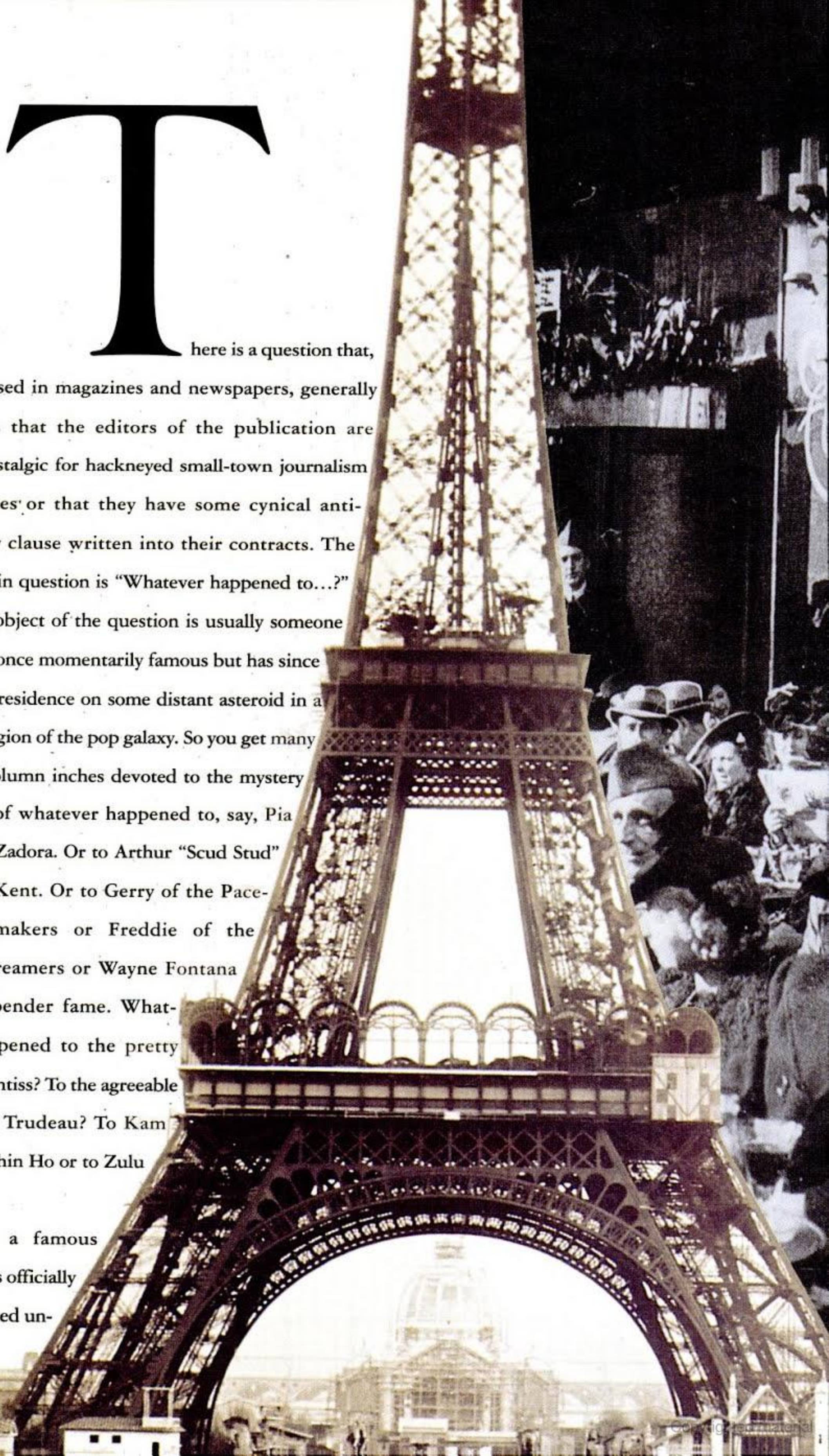
FORGET PARIS?

There is a question that, when posed in magazines and newspapers, generally indicates that the editors of the publication are either nostalgic for hackneyed small-town journalism techniques or that they have some cynical anti-creativity clause written into their contracts. The question in question is "Whatever happened to...?"

The object of the question is usually someone who was once momentarily famous but has since taken up residence on some distant asteroid in a remote region of the pop galaxy. So you get many earnest column inches devoted to the mystery

of whatever happened to, say, Pia Zadora. Or to Arthur "Scud Stud" Kent. Or to Gerry of the Pace-makers or Freddie of the Dreamers or Wayne Fontana of Mindbender fame. Whatever happened to the pretty Paula Prentiss? To the agreeable Margaret Trudeau? To Kam Fung as Chin Ho or to Zulu as Kono?

Once a famous person has officially been filed un-





FORGET FRANCE!

der "Whatever happened to...," they tend to stay there. The only surefire routes back into the spotlight are: contracting a life-threatening, preferably disfiguring illness (say, elephantiasis) or misbehaving publicly on a Brobdingnagian scale (like a Brentwood double murder). But this is a B-list predicament. After all, nobody asks "Whatever happened to" really important people—to presidents, captains of industry, titans, let alone thousand-year-old European nation-states. Until now.

BY JAMIE
MALANOWSKI



Wobbly-voiced hooker-turned-chanteuse Edith Piaf (above) claimed to have no regrets, unlike gloomy Left Bank lothario Jean-Paul Sartre (right), who was miserable even though he got laid all the time. The technical term is *genius*.

.....



With designs inspired by the teeming streets of Paris, Coco Chanel (above) designed clothes that changed the look of the French forever. With her range of numbered perfumes, she also did what she could about the appalling stench.

.....



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FRANCE?

You remember France. Charlemagne. Napoléon. Voltaire. Cradle of maybe a third of Western civilization. Headquarters of the Enlightenment. Official clubhouse of the Lost Generation. Site of the most enchanting and stimulating city in the world. Proud proprietor of the world's most stirring and singable national anthem. Birthplace of the baguette?

Of course you remember France. An important place that even casual dabblers in current events might think is still important. Don't we pay attention to it at G-7 meetings? And don't we place Jacques Chirac's decision to downsize the French military on page three,

even though the last time we really cared about the French military was when Guy Stockwell, Doug McClure, and Telly Savalas starred as Foreign Legionnaires in a remake of *Beau Geste*? We observe with sorrow the passing of former French president François Mitterrand, even though the most memorable aspect of his departure was his former mistress crashing the funeral. In truth, the French, like children of preoccupied parents, can only really get our attention by misbehaving.

Of course, it wasn't always like this. A mere 35 years ago—not a long time by any standard—the man who aspired to be cultivated in all of the finest things in life, the man who aspired to be sophisticated and philosophical, the man who wanted to feel unfettered and alive, as Joni Mitchell wrote of David Geffen in her *chanson* "Free Man in Paris," was a man who aspired to be French.

N

ow, of course, nobody wants to be French, because to be French means that you wear mesh tank tops and smoke stinky cigarettes and have an indifferent relationship with deodorant and launch attacks on boats belonging to environmentalists who want to protest your absurd nuclear testing program in the Pacific (as though even *force de frappe* could bail out the gang who brought you Agincourt, Waterloo, Dien Bien Phu, and the late, great Maginot line).

But not long ago, no longer than the early sixties, if you wanted to show that you were smart and sophisticated, you would show how much you knew about things French. You would quote Sartre and Camus and Simone de Beauvoir. You'd have a wine rack in your apartment (which, in your more pretentious moments, you'd refer to



as your pied-à-terre), where you'd stack up your early experiments with chardonnays and Beaujolais; and even though it's Swiss, you'd have a fondue pot in which you'd melt *des fromages* and into which you'd dip that crusty French bread that was so unlike the Wonder stuff your mother always served.

You may not have been very fashion conscious, but you weren't unconscious either, and you knew that everything in that domain began and ended in Paris. Though you may never have been to Paris, you knew it was a place that cherished its writers and artists and intellectuals, and which was dazzling, and romantic, and altogether enlightened. (Didn't James Baldwin move there? Wasn't Josephine Baker huge there?) And so when you wanted to entertain, you'd pull out the chèvre and uncork the wine, put Edith Piaf on the hi-fi or maybe bring out your new double-record set of *Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*, and you and your friends, if you weren't going to brood about Sartre and Camus, would talk about...film. And not films like *Spartacus* or *Exodus* or *Send Me No Flowers*, but about *Breathless* and *The 400 Blows* and *Jules et Jim* and *Hiroshima Mon Amour*. You and your fellow cineastes probably agreed that Yves Montand was the new Bogart and Jean-Paul Belmondo the new Brando and Alain Delon the new James Dean, but you probably disagreed over whether the most desirable woman in the world was Brigitte Bardot or Catherine Deneuve. Either way, from where you sat, Roger Vadim appeared to be the luckiest man alive.

And at the end of the evening, after everyone had stubbed out their final Gauloises and gone home, when it was time for you to walk your little dog—Le Chien Andolou, you liked to call him, even though his real name was Ike—you might have even worn a beret.

Not any more. France has become *tres* irrelevant. Look at international relations: When Charles de Gaulle pulled France out of NATO in 1966, we were shocked, and many Americans worried about the western alliance. When Chirac brought France back in last year, we snoozed, and many Americans wondered "Who needs a western alliance?" In academia, Derrida and Foucault are philosophical pan-flashes compared to Sartre and Camus. In sports, the last Frenchman to really distinguish himself was Jean-Claude Killy, and that was 28 years ago. Even French athletic ambassadors to the New World have fallen on hard times. Hockey's Quebec Nordiques couldn't sell tickets even after a strong season and are now the Colorado Avalanche; a team led by a man named Jacques Lemaire won the Stanley Cup in 1995, but they work in Jersey.

In fashion, the hegemony represented by Cardin, Givenchy, Lacroix, Gaultier, and St. Laurent has collapsed before Italians like Versace and Americans like Karan, Lauren, and Ellis. At the showings in Manhattan last fall, the word among the *Vogue* and *W* set was that New York had replaced Paris as the capital of couture, and there was hardly a *mais non* heard in reply.

Why, even in the realm of snack food, salsa has blown away the once ubiquitous French onion dip.

Then there's that last bastion of French culture, *le cinéma*. Our adulation of things French was so palpable that Hollywood used to supply U.S. audiences with a regu-

lar diet of American actors in movies set in France—*Can Can*, *An American in Paris*, *Moulin Rouge*, *Irma La Douce*. We even ate up English-speaking French actors in movies set in France (think of Leslie Caron, Louis Jourdan, and Maurice Chevalier in *Gigi*). Then, in 1965, a studio went whole hog and cast both Brigitte Bardot and Jeanne Moreau as a couple of Old West showgirls in *Viva Maria!* The picture didn't do well, but what's remarkable is that there was once a time when studio executives thought it was a reasonable and even marketable idea to cast not one but two French actresses as the leads in a Hollywood movie.

Things have changed. For all intents and purposes, the last time a studio put a French actress in the lead of a major Hollywood movie was 1980, when United Artists cast Isabelle Huppert as the female lead in *Heaven's Gate*. Everybody remembers how *that* turned out. The last time a French actor had the lead in a Hollywood movie was 1991, when Gérard Depardieu had the lead in *Green Card*, which was quickly deported. Last year, when Polygram needed an actor to play a Frenchman opposite Meg Ryan in *French Kiss*, they hired Kevin Kline. Now Kline is a fine actor, but it's hard to believe that in *toute la belle France* there isn't one actor who can romantically frog it up better than he can. *French Kiss*, by the way, bombed. So did Billy Crystal's *Forget Paris*. In fact, France's most memorable cinematic representation in recent years came when Jules and Vincent discussed *Le Big Mac* in *Pulp Fiction*.

SO, WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FRANCE?



One explanation is that it's not them, it's us. They're the same attractive, intellectual, snide people they've always been, but we just don't appreciate them anymore. Thirty-five years ago, America was run by the generation that fought and won the Second World War, having been stationed in Britain and having fought in Italy and France, American soldiers came home with more cosmopolitan tastes. Quicker than you could say, "*Bon jour, mademoiselle, je m'appelle Zeke*," American foreign policy went from isolationist to gregarious, and stressed the importance of alliances, particularly nubile European ones.

John Kennedy doted on de Gaulle, courting him as he did no other foreign leader. Indeed, during the Cuban Missile Crisis, he dispatched his favorite

envoy, Dean Acheson, as his personal representative to Chucky D. But by 1991, François Mitterrand was just one of a gaggle of heads of state George Bush signed up for Desert Storm, and he was hardly the linchpin of *that* operation. Indeed, not long before he was assassinated, JFK was learning French, simply so that he could converse with de Gaulle tête-à-tête. Today, the French are flexing their flabby political muscles in efforts to remind the international community that English is not the only official language of diplomacy. But no one can understand what they're saying.

Beyond the political, the internationalists welcomed a European presence in American life. At the same time audiences here were falling for Brigitte Bardot, they were lapping up Julie Andrews, Julie Christie, Peter O'Toole, Alan Bates, Melina Mercouri, Monica Vitti, Virna Lisi, Gina Lollobrigida, and Sophia Loren. Even the TV guys made sure there was a plucky Frenchman—LeBeau—in the stalag with the rest of Hogan's heroes.

That trend came to a sudden demise in 1964, with the British Invasion and the flowering of the baby boom. Baby boomers defined the world through rock and roll; if you didn't rock, you didn't, like, exist. Now, America rocked. Britain rocked. Ireland rocked. Italy didn't rock. France *certainly* didn't rock. (Think how small a presence French has in the history of rock: "Michelle"; "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?"; "Le Freak.") And somehow that separation also came to pass in Hollywood, which always makes room for a Hugh Grant, an Emma Thompson, a Liam Neeson, and a Natasha Richardson, but has no interest in, say, a Juliette Binoche. Today, in order to be an international star, you have to be either an American, a Brit (even marginally British, like Connery or Humperdinck, will suffice), or an Irishman, or know kung fu or be one of the Three Tenors. Beyond that, you may have an international following, but when the day is done, you're still just Charles Aznavour.

A second explanation: it's not us, it's them. The French never got over decolonization. They've been in a bad mood for 40 years. They saw not only that they could not be a superpower but that they couldn't even be a power, and so they stomped off by themselves in a sulk, made a big issue of going their own way, developed their own nukes, sold their jets to the Syrians, and became the West's Mr. Difficult. And, as befits a middle-range power that is trying to fashion a comfortable middle-class society, its artists made middle-class art—one bedroom farce after another about infidelity and middle-aged horniness and sexual mis-

understandings: *Cousin, Cousine*; *Three Men and a Cradle*; *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*; *Les Compères*; *La Cage Aux Folles*; *Pardon Mon Affaire*; and *Pardon Mon Affaire, Too!*

Then there is a third explanation: There were things we liked and admired and envied about the French, and so, much as we did with African-Americans, we stole them. We admired their sense of fashion and style, so we built up our own designers. Now casual American style has run haute couture off the map. We admired their vineyards; now California's are second to none. We admired their cuisine so much we developed our own regional cuisines, and now

American food is variegated and surprising and won't induce arterial shutdown with the first forkful. We were awed by the New Wave, so Scorsese and Coppola and Lucas and Altman and Spielberg absorbed it and built on it. Or, as in the case of *The Birdcage*, put our own particular stamp of banality on it.

Mostly, though, we admired and envied France's approach to sex. Whatever else France may have meant to America after World War II (or for that matter, before World War II), it surely meant a place where sex was out in the open, and where the erotic had its own protected place in the scheme of things. France was the country where women bared their breasts in night clubs and on beaches and on film; places like the Folies Bergere, the Crazy Horse, and St. Tropez can never even be contemplated without an attendant erotic fizz. France was the place where books like *Lady Chatterly's Lover* and *Lolita*, not to mention *The Autobiography of a Flea*, were openly published, and openly sold. France was the home of Henry Miller, Anaïs Nin, Maurice Girodias and the Olympia Press, Gauguin, Picasso, artists and—wink, wink—models, and Bardot. There has never been a *Last Tango in Milwaukee*.

France was the place where, it was said, spouses in long, established marriages understood when their partners felt the need to take a lover. More than anything else, sex was the thing that, in the postwar era, most made France seem more sophisticated and more enlightened than the States. Now things have changed. Now there are nude beaches in America and strip clubs in strip malls, and condoms sit next to the Big Gulp cups at 7-Eleven. Recently a New York court stipulated that if a woman so desired, she could go topless on the subway. Meanwhile, even in stuffy old England, members of the stuffy old royal family disclose their infidelities on global television (Bill Clinton didn't actually disclose his infidelity on television—he *alluded* to it). One no longer goes to Cannes to see babes but to try and pre-sell the Abu Dhabi rights to serial-killer videos. Today, the country that once produced *And God Created Woman* has to import a Spanish woman, Victoria Abril, to enliven its sex comedies, and recently recognized Sharon Stone as a Chevalier of Arts and Letters for "the totality of her oeuvre." Suddenly France doesn't seem all that exotic. Neither, for that matter, does sex.

Maybe feminism hurt France. In the sisterhood-is-powerful era, women

no longer wanted to be kittens, men no longer wanted to be rogues. Useful phrases like *Cherchez la femme* and *Vive la différence!* and *Sank heavens for leetle gurrlls* were embargoed. Then again, maybe America hurt France. Who needed couture when you had blue jeans, who needed cordon bleu when you had French fries?

Whatever the explanation, it would be nice if France made a comeback, because not everything wonderful about France has been absorbed

here. We didn't get the philosophy, we didn't get *tristesse*. We have no finely developed sense of bitter-sweet sadness in which we can wrap ourselves when things don't quite work out. We tend to complain, to start legal proceedings, to buy self-improvement books, to renew our prescription for Prozac. We don't have a phrase like *C'est la vie* that we invoke in sort of a wistfully wise way when things go poorly. (We do have the phrase *That's life*, which we invoke in sort of a mean, gloating way when things go poorly for others and we want to cut their federal programs.)

And while we may have gotten all the sex there was to get, we could certainly take some more lessons in *l'amour*. Too often, relations between the sexes here are caught in a Bermuda Triangle of hormonal imperatives, political correctness, and the pragmatic pursuit of a mate. The heart is underutilized, romance is scarce, and displaying ardor can often lead to the imposition of a temporary restraining order. We could use more of that dizzying *Day for Night* feeling, more passion, a little more *ooh-la-la*.

The nightmare scenario, of course, is that the comeback trail proves a little too arduous for the long-lunching French, that they remain committed to the pursuit of notoriety rather than trying to engineer some kind of renaissance, and that the rest of the world will then inexplicably flip-flop and decide France is cool again. American college freshpeople, instead of harmlessly hanging around cafés talking about existentialism, will suddenly start donning imported mesh tank tops and testing explosives in the fountains outside of local Polynesian restaurants. Gérard Depardieu haircuts will become all the rage, prompting a massive slump in the birthrate. And, worst of all, malodorous insipidity will be the norm.

Come on, France, snap out of it, *s'il vous plaît*. We already have a Belgium. We need you. ☺



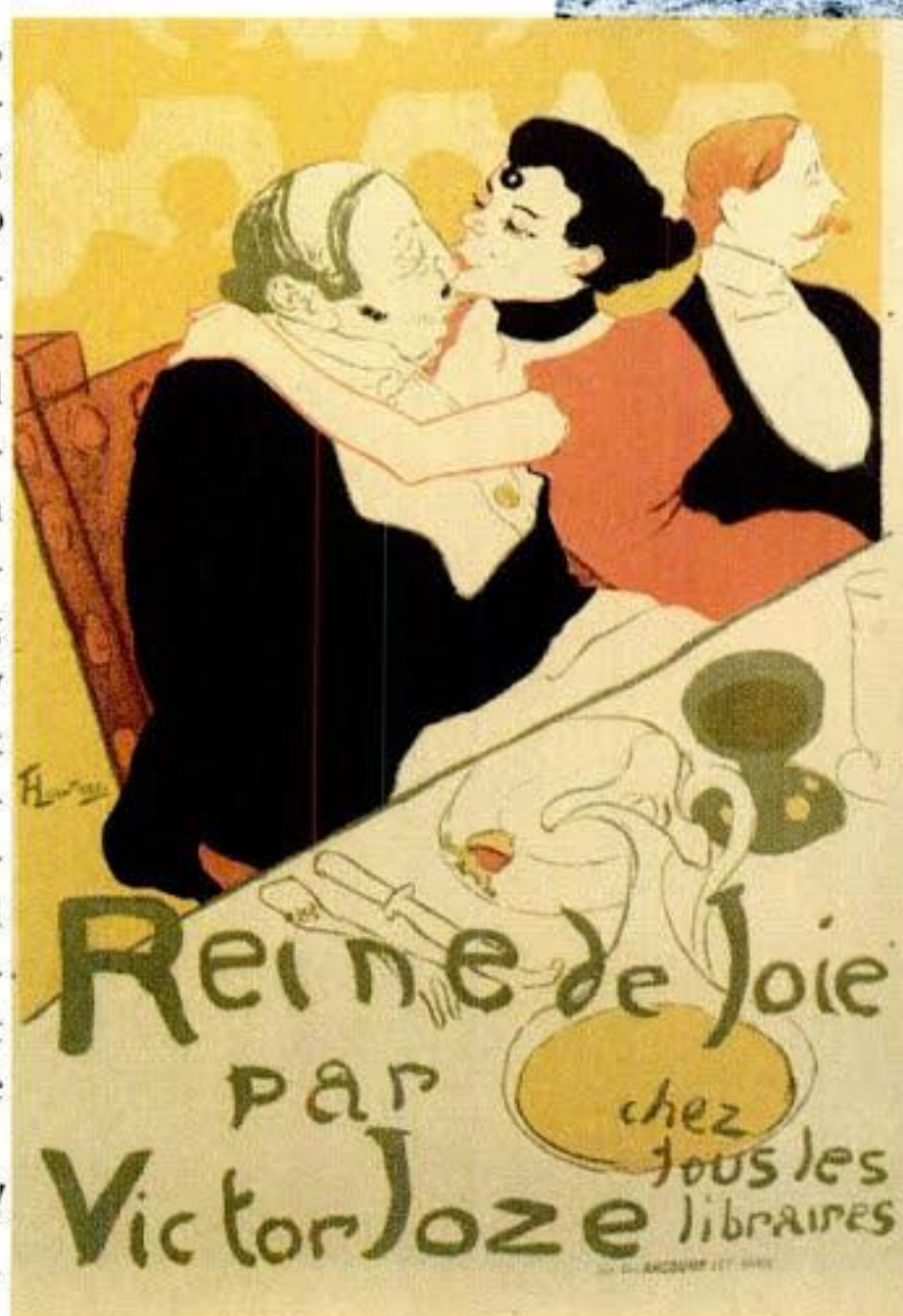
Convinced that conquering the world was the only way he could compensate for being short, Napoléon Bonaparte (left) could be said to have suffered from a "Toulouse-Lautrec complex," named after the even shorter and more miserable stripper-painting Parisian drunk (bottom, in clown garb).

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The sensual attitude of the French peasant (above), with his fondness for *boules*, crusty loaves of bread, and cheap red wine drunk from the sort of glasses that most people use to hold their toothbrush, was adopted by an army of Francophiles.

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*let's
make
a
deal



Snooty salespeople got you down? Designer price tags

putting a kink in your Discover Card?

SPY's extreme haggling team puts the pingback in shopping



Yes, we're famously cheap here at SPY. Ask anybody: stifled freelancers, miffed bill collectors, the unpaid illiterate intern penning this very introduction. But hey, after a near-death experience like ours, you fly coach and you like it.

So keen is our nose for a bargain, in fact, that when we realized that New York's hoity-toitist department stores were staring into the jaws of financial insolvency, we quickly dispatched a reporter to bring home the bargain-basement bacon. SPY's smart shopper visited Barney's, Saks, Bloomingdale's, and Macy's to see if she could waggle some high-ticket items and bring them back to us in chichi shopping bags.

While discount digging, our plant was mistaken by the *New York Post* for *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd. The *Post* wrongly credited Dowd with having discovered the fire sale of the century. Yo, we saw it first!

barney's

Financial Problem: Filed for bankruptcy early this year.

What We Haggled For: Prada nylon handbag, the superexpensive bag of choice among supermodels.

SPY: What is this?

Barney's: Calf. It's been washed.

SPY: Calf—you mean like cow?

Barney's: Leather.

SPY: Oh, leather, right. That's what I mean. No I don't really want a leather one. Oh I just can't decide. It's a different look, I know. This is more elegant. This could go out of style. I want something that's really "in," you know.

Barney's: Yeah. It's a beautiful bag.

SPY: Oh \$600, wow.

Barney's: It's a great bag.

SPY: Hmm—do you work any deals?

Barney's: No, I can't.

SPY: You don't do any kind of bargaining? Like, if I bought, like, a wallet with it or something, they won't knock off

any price?

Barney's: No.

SPY: It's nice. \$600 though...aah. Prada—that's like an "in" thing?

Barney's: It's in, and it's quality, and it's different. It holds up really well. They go fast—you'll come back a week later and it's gone.

SPY: Even if I offered you cash, there's no way you could, like, work with me a little?

Barney's: I can't do it. If I owned the store, I could help you out.

SPY: Because I hear the store's having financial problems, Barney's—

Barney's: No, we're just reorganizing. It is just an equity to bring back up support because the business partner pulled out on us.

SPY: Pulled out on you?

Barney's: Yeah. Pulled out.

SPY: So it's not shaky at all?

Barney's: No, they filed—they could restructure the store and get new partners in. It is just a way of protecting the

store so that it won't—

SPY: So they don't do bargains here at all? Like a deal, some kind of negotiating?

Barney's: Nope, nope.

SPY: Really? I'm surprised.

Barney's: Nope, we're not going out of business.

SPY: Oh, you're not. I heard it was, like, bankruptcy and the whole thing.

Barney's: No, it is not bankruptcy but it has to do with equity, different than bankruptcy.

SPY: Yeah, I know a little bit about equity, I mean my husband's an investment banker and whatever, so he told me that I should run down here and see if I could get some kind of bargain. No? So you can't sell it to me at all for some kind of bargain?

Barney's: No.

SPY: But I like it, it's nice. But \$600—

Barney's: Well—

SPY: So not even a manager could do it?

Barney's: No.

SPY: You've never done, you know, some kind of discount?

Barney's: No.

SPY: You buy a house, you get a discount. Right? You know, you work out a deal. You guys don't do that at all? Could you knock off a hundred bucks?

Barney's: No.

SPY: You never have a price for somebody who buys a lot?

Barney's: We have customers who spend thousands of dollars. We want to be fair to everybody.

SPY: Nice. It seems to me that if they wanted it to be fair, they could, you know, work you out some kind of deal. Structure some kind of—

by Christine Cauchon Summer, Devon Alexander, and Emily Hellstrom

Photography By Andreas

Barney's: Prada sets the prices for everything, and you'll find the same prices everywhere—

SPY: So no matter where I go, they aren't willing to have some kind of discount?

Barney's: No, not in retail places.

SPY: Because I'm sure the wholesale price is a lot less. I mean the designer is making an awful lot of money for, you know—it seems to me like if I were willing to kind of work out some kind of thing—like the fact that Barney's is bankrupt, you know?

Barney's: No, not at all.

SPY: Really? You've never worked a deal with someone?

Barney's: No. We don't see that. And if you go to most retailers—I have worked in all the big stores, they've never—

SPY: Really?

Barney's: None of them.

SPY: I've been to Saks and had them work a deal with me there.

Barney's: I haven't worked for Saks, but I've worked for Bergdorf's and I've worked for Macy's and none of them do it.

SPY: Even if I went to a manager and asked them?

Barney's: No, there is just no way. You could go to the owner—

SPY: The owner who's having problems?

saks

Financial Problem: Despite rising revenues, parent company is saddled with \$967 million in debt.

What We Haggled For: Chanel ballet flats, the chichi shoes for socialites.

SPY: You seem like a reasonable man.

Saks: No, no. Absolutely not.

SPY: If I pay cash?

Saks: No.

SPY: You couldn't take, like, \$100 off if I pay cash?

Saks: Absolutely not.

SPY: Oh come on, you could make a deal!

Saks: No, no.

SPY: No?

Saks: Absolutely. No. You might be able to do that in a boutique, sometimes, because the owner is right there and—

SPY: You couldn't work a deal a little bit?

Saks: Not even a penny.

SPY: Not even a penny.

Saks: No, absolutely not.

SPY: You can't knock like \$100 off?

Saks: Absolutely not.

SPY: I mean, I'm just talking, like, a bargain, you know.

Saks: It's unethical.

SPY: Unethical? Maybe if I got two pairs, you could give me a deal?

Saks: I can't do it for you.

SPY: You can't work it, not one little bit?

Saks: Not a little.

SPY: No, but wait a minute, we're not even trying to make a deal.

Saks: Oh no, absolutely not. I'm not trying, absolutely, I'm not trying.

SPY: You can work a deal a little.

Saks: Absolutely, no, no, no, no, we don't do that—we don't do that.

SPY: You've never done this before?

Saks: Never, absolutely never. Never even thought about it. I think you're the first person who has ever asked me. No way. If someone is buying something and they take it over to the manager and ask him if they can have a further reduction because it's soiled, he'll say, go ahead, take an extra—

SPY: I'll buy three pairs.

Saks: No.

(Manager approaches)

SPY: Hi, nice to meet you. It seems to me, I mean, these are \$335, and I was thinking, maybe if I bought two pairs, that you could give me, like, a bit of a discount?

Saks: I would do that, except that the camera is watching—I'd lose my job.

SPY: If I'm willing to pay cash, don't you think you can give me a discount?

Saks: No.

SPY: Really. I'm surprised.

Saks: Don't be surprised.

bloomingdale's

Financial Problem: Rescued from bankruptcy six years ago by last-minute buyer.

What We Haggled For: Villeroy & Boch china, staple of summer houses from the Vineyard to the Hamptons.

SPY: Two thousand dollars. Whoo! Pricey. If I got, like, a whole set, could you offer me, like, a deal, some deal?

Bloomies: No deal. People buy every day. It might go on sale.

SPY: You're not willing to work with me at all? Even if I'm paying cash for

the whole set?

Bloomies: Cash doesn't mean much to us. We prefer not to take cash.

SPY: Really?

Bloomies: It's such a—we get very few cash transactions.

SPY: Oh, it seems to me, I mean, I've been reading the papers and they, you know, Bloomingdale's is having some trouble and some of the bigger department stores are having trouble, so I thought maybe you would be willing to work with me.

Bloomies: Actually, our profits increased 2.7% in the last year.

SPY: Oh really.

Bloomies: I was surprised.

SPY: This—it's not just because I'm a woman, right? That you're not offering me a bargain?

Bloomies: Oh no. No, no, no.

SPY: Because I feel if my husband were here that you would offer him a deal.

Bloomies: No.

SPY: I mean, I just don't want to do it without a deal.

Bloomies: I'll get my manager and you can try to sweet-talk him into it.

(Manager approaches)

SPY: Hi.

Bloomies: Hi. Bill explained your situation and, unfortunately, a price is a price here. We are not authorized to make special deals with customers. The buyers make the prices—we don't have any say in the matter.

SPY: It seems to me like there could be somebody who has the authority to—

Bloomies: That would be me. When things go on sale, that's the only time we offer any special promotions with merchandise.

SPY: I mean you buy a diamond, you work out a price with the seller. It seems like you buy a house, you buy a car—

Bloomies: But this is *china*. This is a set price.

SPY: It seems to me that *nothing's* a set price.

Bloomies: Not negotiable. I mean, we can't negotiate a price. We don't—

SPY: If I bought, like, I don't know, like, if I bought a certain number, you couldn't, like, knock off, like, \$500 on the price?

Bloomies: I mean, I've never heard of such a thing.

SPY: You can't work with me at all?

Bloomies: It's not that we can't work with you, we can't make a price.

SPY: Like \$100 off?

Bloomies: We can't. We can't make up prices here.

SPY: I could buy the store and you wouldn't work with me on it?

Bloomies: It's just not our policy.

macy's

Financial Problem: Had \$6 billion in debt in 1994.

What We Haggled For: Ralph Lauren Safari print sheets, the most expensive sheets in the store.

SPY: There are no discounts at all? I don't understand.

Macy's: I don't know of any department stores that do things like that. I mean, maybe you've dealt with people who've done that, but I don't—

SPY: Really? You mean—like when you buy a car you can get a deal, or when you buy a house you can get a deal. It seems to me that Macy's is having financial problems. They should be willing—

Macy's: I don't know about Macy's financial problems.

SPY: It was in the papers.

Macy's: But I'm saying that I've sold this collection to a lot of people all at once, and they've never—

SPY: And you've never offered them a deal?

Macy's: And they've never asked.

SPY: They're really not smart shoppers, are they?

Macy's: I guess not, no.

SPY: Because I am.

Macy's: I mean, I'd say go ask the manager, but that's going to sound like—I know they're going to tell me no. So—

SPY: Is there any way you could get a manager for me?

Macy's: Sure.

(Manager approaches)

SPY: Hi, nice to meet you.

Macy's: Nice to meet you. What can I do for you?

SPY: Well, I'm looking to buy a set of everything together. I have this comforter and these sheets and the pillow and I'm thinking of buying this other pillow.

Macy's: Okay.

SPY: And a bed ruffle. And, you know, I've heard you're all having some finan-

Macy's: That's fine, and we have that every day as well. But no, we certainly don't give extra discounts for anybody who's buying more than the other person. As I said, we are retail, we are not wholesale.

SPY: But, I mean, the wholesale price is, like, way cheap. This is obviously elevated in price.

Macy's: Right, but it is on sale and we don't give additional discounts just because you're buying a whole set.

SPY: You couldn't give me, like, 50 percent off?

Macy's: Absolutely not. It's on sale right now.

SPY: I had it done before.

Macy's: Not in this store.

SPY: Yes.

Macy's: I don't know who did that for you but it's illegal. It's illegal as far as I could get fired for this. Any one of these people could get fired for this.

SPY: 30 percent?

Macy's: Cash comes through here every single day—people buying \$30,000 worth of merchandise—and we don't give them even a dollar off.

SPY: Really? 30 percent. And I'm willing to buy the whole set. I've shopped here before. I'm a good customer.

Macy's: No, no. This is not like a haggling system.

SPY: But I'm a smart shopper though.

Macy's: I understand that, and you know, if you were to go downtown into one of the smaller stores, maybe they can do that for you.

SPY: A smaller Macy's store?

Macy's: No, no, no. Not a Macy's store. Macy's will not do it. No, under any circumstances. If you go to Bloomingdale's they will not do it. I never heard of it before, and it's not going to happen. So, I mean, that's really it.

SPY: Can you give me a little bit?

Macy's: No ma'am. I cannot, no.

SPY: I can't believe that you won't work with me a little bit. ☹



cial problems, and I was just thinking that if I bought the whole thing together, you'd give me a discount.

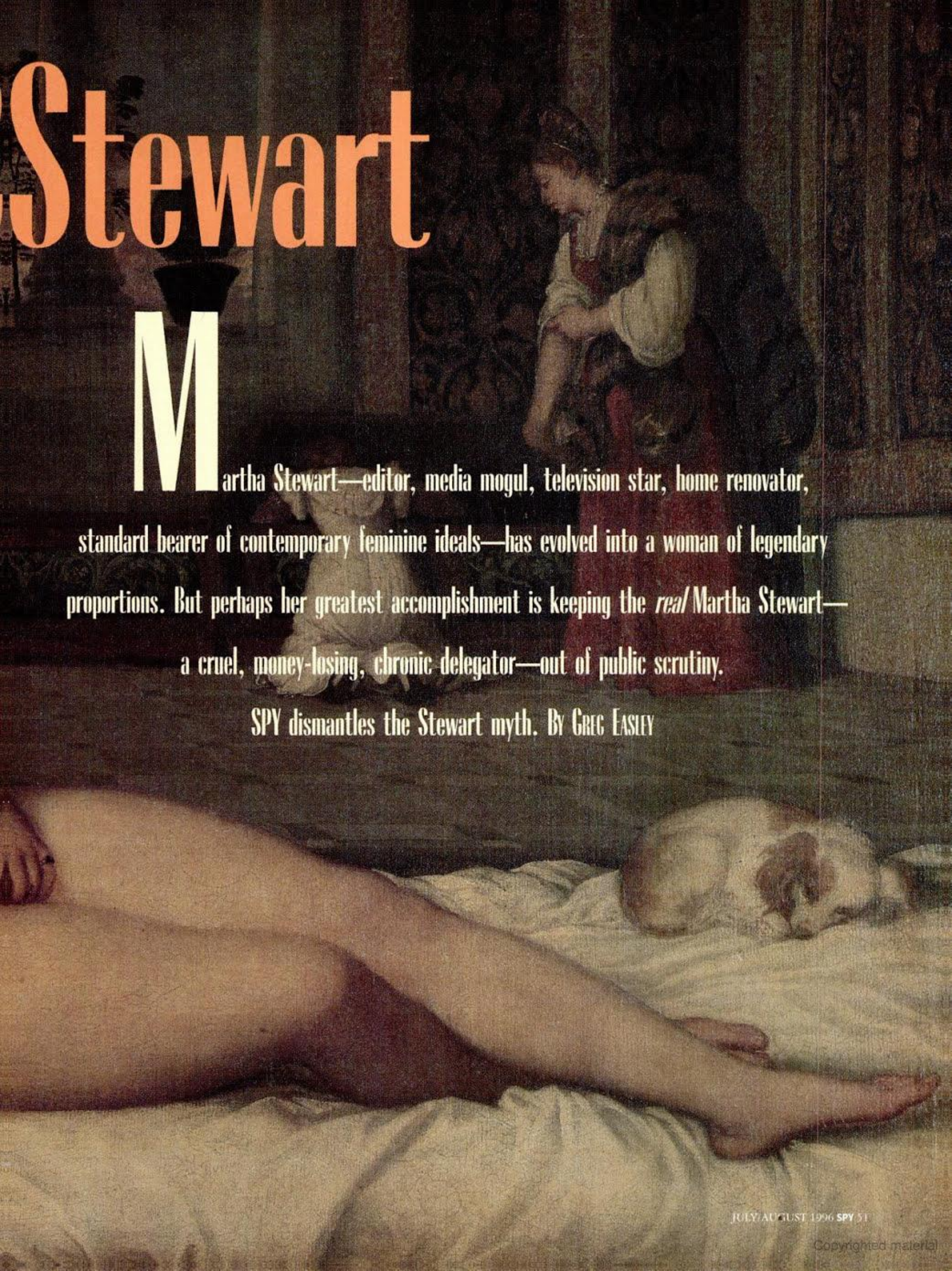
Macy's: No. First of all, we're not in any financial difficulty anymore, we've been out of bankruptcy for well over a year. We don't give discounts for buying a whole set. We have people coming in every day who buy sets of merchandise. It is on sale right now but that's all we do. We're retail, we're not wholesale, so we don't give any additional discount. Or even if you were to buy this whole shop, we couldn't give you an additional discount.

SPY: You couldn't give me—I mean, I'm willing to pay cash.

The Divine Myth



Stewart



Martha Stewart—editor, media mogul, television star, home renovator, standard bearer of contemporary feminine ideals—has evolved into a woman of legendary proportions. But perhaps her greatest accomplishment is keeping the *real* Martha Stewart—a cruel, money-losing, chronic delegator—out of public scrutiny.

SPY dismantles the Stewart myth. BY GREG EASLEY

It's October 1995 at Turkey Hill, Martha Stewart's immaculate six-acre estate in Westport, Connecticut. The autumn air outside her 19th-century farmhouse is surprisingly mild. But inside—where Stewart's crew is filming her Christmas special *Home for the Holidays*—the temperature is frigid. While Martha and her sister, Laura Plimpton, are engaged in a scripted on-camera "conversation," their mother misses her cue once, then twice, prompting Martha to lash out impetuously at the frail octogenarian. Aghast, the crew lapses into stunned silence. But seconds later, Martha Stewart regains her composure, flashing the subtly supercilious grin that has helped her conquer the American bourgeoisie.

To anyone who knows her work, the news that Martha Stewart is a domineering control freak will hardly come as a surprise—control, after all, is what Stewart sells. Take control of the details of your life, she preaches (poach pears in wine just so, line shelves with velvet)—and the big things, such as happiness, will all fall into place. Can it really be that simple? Martha offers herself and her idyllic life as living proof that it can. The gritty truth, unfortunately, is that without a private army of producers, writers, stylists, chefs, lawyers, accountants, and—most importantly—publicists, either the rotten state of Stewart's domestic paradise or the sheer awfulness of her personality would long ago have brought the Stewart empire crashing down like a poorly glued bamboo chandelier.

Americans, however, have bought into Martha Stewart's do-it-yourself myth on a massive scale, at least partly in the belief that Martha holds the key to domestic bliss and gracious living. Her *Martha Stewart Living* magazine boasts a circulation of 1.54 million; her 14 books have sold over 2 million copies to date; her weekly cable program accesses 90 percent of the country's TV markets; and her fortnightly gigs on *Today* are watched by another 3.5 million. Coming attractions include a Martha credit card, a Martha radio show, a Martha online computer service, and a proposed Martha TV network. Like Michael Jordan or Ronald McDonald before her, Martha Stewart has become not just a cultural icon but an unstoppable marketing phenomenon, mounting Godzilla-like raids on the sensibilities and disposable income of the American consumer. What's worse, she shows no signs of losing momentum. "Martha used to compare herself to Sara Lee," one of her recently departed staffers told SPY. "Now she compares herself to the solar system, and she's the sun."

There is no denying that, for a working-class Polish kid from Nutley, New Jersey, Martha Stewart (née Kostyra) has certainly come a long way. But before we appoint Stewart our Secretary of Interior Decorating, or solicit her advice on renewing the American family, we should separate who she is from what she stands for. This home-and-hearth charlatan is anything but the family woman and paragon of self-reliance she cynically makes herself out to be. If you respect Martha

Stewart, respect her because she knows there's a sucker born every minute. Don't respect her because you're one of them.

Homemaking, Mythmaking

Exhibit A in support of the notion that Martha Stewart is a model of self-reliance—think Thoreau with pearls and a Chevy Suburban—is the calendar in each issue of *Martha Stewart Living*. No matter how frenetic the Stewart schedule becomes, apparently, Martha can always somehow find the time to take care of business on the home front. "Refurbish driveways; repair cracks or resurface with gravel" (March 16); "Vacuum and clean all grates and coils on appliances" (April 18); "Move chicken yard" (June 17). When an East Hampton realtor asked her how she can possibly do everything she claims to do, reported *People* magazine, Stewart replied, "Oh, I do several things at once. I'm Windexing the phone as we speak." Martha the multitasker never, ever tires of making the point that, like Kennedy, Napoléon, and Thomas Edison, she requires far less sleep than the underachieving masses—about four hours a night—and gets a lot more done while she is awake.

Even if Stewart were to enjoy a nap of Rip van Winkle-like proportions, however, all of her dirty work would still be done for her. This thanks to a staff of 50 that Stewart employs to help her do all the chores she'd like us to *think* she does herself in all her denim-shirted glory. Despite this considerable manpower, freelancers are often enlisted to perform such menial tasks as cleaning out her refrigerator and buying pastries for her parties. Even staffers from her magazine are regularly roped in to act as assistant decorators on top of their editorial duties. Contrary to appearances, when Stewart writes in her calendar, "check weather-stripping on all exterior doors and unprotected windows," she is not talking to herself.

While few dispute that Martha has the temperament to rise at 5:00 A.M. to plant 500 bulbs, many of her associates become peeved when she claims to do all the spadework herself—and neglects to credit her staff of *five* full-time gardeners. One of them, a Brazilian named Renato Abreu, has done so much of her dirt-work that he's currently suing her in a Bridgeport, Connecticut, court to collect \$56,000 of overtime pay. The disgruntled journeyman says that, in addition to gardening, his around-the-clock responsibilities included making repairs, looking after Stewart's pets, and washing her cars—just about every task (with the exception of *Today* appearances) that Martha claims to do herself on her calendar.

Rising skepticism about Martha's ability to make household water into wine has erupted into a serious Martha backlash among female journalists resentful of the unrealistic standards—personal as well as domestic—that Stewart has created for nineties women. Over the last few years, scores of newspapers have described Martha as a self-motivator-cum-slave-driver with a feather duster in one hand and a bullwhip in the other. Without her downtrodden legion of assistants, people are beginning to



Martha scripted her own sequel to *The Graduate* when she began dating Dr. Sam Waksal, a New York immunologist, shortly after he had stopped dating her daughter, Alexis. Martha even saw fit to include a picture of them smooching in her book.

realize, Martha Stewart would probably be as helpless around the home as the rest of us—just a lot less fun to be with.

It isn't only in the garden that Martha has trouble distinguishing other people's achievements from her own. "She goes on TV and says, 'I found this,' when actually someone on her staff of 50 found it," says a former *Living* employee. "Martha always gets the credit, and it's really frustrating when you're the one who's slaving away." Self-sufficiency also seems to abandon her on the road, where Martha has developed a propensity for calling one of her assistants in Connecticut whenever some detail of her hotel room (an un-poached-in-wine pear, presumably, or a yet-to-be-moved chicken yard) fails to meet her stratospheric expectations.

Even in the kitchen, where one might expect her resourcefulness to shine most brightly, Stewart repeatedly comes up short. It's an open secret in the food industry that many of Martha's culinary "creations" are either derivative or uninspired, though she seems finally to have lived down the accusation that she pinched recipes from Julia Child (the latter appeared on Martha's Christmas special). What's more, when it comes to actual cooking, Stewart—"author" of a total of 1,600 published recipes—turns out to be no virtuoso. One witness recalls that, while filming the Christmas special, Martha demanded that several tureens be filled with duck and rabbit meat, gift wrapped, and displayed as props on the set. When a crew member noted that it was unnecessary to actually *fill* the tureens because the TV audience wouldn't be able to see inside the packages, Martha replied that she planned to use them as gifts at Christmas, then two months away. Three weeks later, when she sampled the duck and rabbit inside, she threw a fit—the meat was rotten. She had somehow forgotten her own recipe, which clearly stated that the meat would last only a week in the refrigerator. Sounds like a perfect Stewart stocking stuffer.

A good number of Stewart's reported homemaking achievements are little more than well-choreographed stunts. And when she tries to improvise, the results can be disastrous. In preparation for the 1994 holidays, Stewart suggested in her magazine that Christmas trees could be decorated with yummy moon and star-shaped cookies adorned with little silver balls called dragées. Though dragées are not harmful enough to be called toxic, their silver coloring *is*—a warning not to eat them is quite plainly printed on their packaging. This detail didn't stop Martha from advising *Today* viewers that they could indeed stuff their faces with the dubious treats. NBC received numerous complaints, as did the magazine, which had featured the cookies on the cover of its Christmas issue. According to one insider, this was by no

means an isolated incident: "Because she doesn't stick to the script," the insider said, "she causes problems like that all the time." Martha's not just bad at ad-libbing—she can kill you.

Woman of Letters

For those loyal disciples whose faith in Stewart is not sufficiently tested by the idea that Martha makes time to tend to her numerous houses, entertain, garden, and write books, as well as lecture, star in her own daily TV show, and even trek to Everest (she visited Nepal last month and made note of such on her apocryphal calendar), Stewart would also like everyone to believe that she puts together her own monthly magazine, the insipid *Martha Stewart Living*.

Even dispassionate observers who should know better have occasionally flirted with the idea that Stewart is something more than just a master marketer. *Advertising Age*, for example, named *Martha Stewart Living* the Magazine of the Year in its March 1996 issue. The accompanying article featured a flattering photo of the magazine's namesake in a suitably editorial pose, and quoted her as saying, "I think I have a good feel for what our readers want." *Advertising Age* agreed, describing Martha as having a "particularly deft [touch] for someone who's an admitted magazine outsider." This spoon-fed journalism, Martha watchers agree, bears the unmistakable imprimatur of Susan Magrino, the public-relations capo in charge of perpetu-

ating the most preposterous facet of the Stewart myth: the idea that Martha's contribution to *Living* significantly outweighs that of Alfred E. Neuman to *Mad*.

"Susan Magrino paints Martha as an omnipowerful, omnipresent Renaissance woman, but she spends most of her time doing damage control for Martha's prima donna behavior—which perpetually threatens this image," says a PR insider. But no one promotes Martha Stewart more than Stewart herself. "To be truthful," she told the *Los Angeles Times*, "about 95 percent of the ideas for [*Living*] articles come from me."

Alas, many of the magazine's staffers see it differently. Although Martha holds the title of editor in chief, the time she actually spends drinking bad coffee out of Styrofoam and wielding a red pencil is pretty minimal. "She shows up at the magazine once or twice a week," says a former editor, "helps pick some pictures, looks at layouts, sits in on some editorial meetings. And she writes the editorial. That's it." So how does

"Martha used to compare herself to Sara Lee," said one of her recently departed staffers. "Now she compares herself to the solar system, and she's the sun."

she pull the magazine together, month in, month out? With the help of an editorial staff that outnumbers those of *Cosmopolitan*, *Elle*, *Allure*, and *Vanity Fair*—each of which publishes 12 issues a year to *Living's* 10. Whenever a hot news item comes across the wire—a tidal shift in carpet aesthetics, perhaps, or an urgent recipe for warm yuca salad—it's safe to assume that Stewart can find someone to cover her back.

Neither does it take a veteran media analyst to realize that a magazine with a bloated staff and a low-show editor is unlikely to be pulling in profits—especially within its first five years of operation. But this didn't stop *Advertising Age* from speculating that *Martha Stewart Living* "enjoyed its first year in the black in 1995 with a \$5 million profit on total revenues of more than \$50 million," when in fact *Living* lost between \$2 million and \$3 million last year. "The magazine has not fulfilled expectations as a business," a prominent insider told SPY. "If I were to look at revenue projections, I'd say it should make \$60 million with \$12 million to \$15 million in profit. It's a matter of cracking the whip on Martha—you don't need a staff that big. With all the fanfare, all the substance, all the achievement of Martha Stewart, where's the beef?"

Those who have worked with Stewart on her book projects ask the same question. "Martha was in the thick of the magazine and was also heavily involved with the TV show," recalls a staffer who witnessed the last-minute production of *Menus for Entertaining*, Martha's 1994 book of hyperfeste recipes with photos shot in her various homes. "So she neglected and neglected the book until it was almost postponed. When they finally brought her in to write, the office was adorned with fresh flowers and herbal tea to please her. But additional editorial staff had to be put on the project because Martha was so behind. She got a hefty advance for a book compiled largely by her employees."

When *USA Today* asked Martha about the harsh press coverage she was then beginning to receive, the erstwhile Connecticut caterer replied, "I'm ignoring it now, because I'm a serious journalist. I don't understand why journalists treat another journalist in such a shoddy fashion. They're forgetting I'm a journalist, too, and I can also write about them.... I'd like to take critics by the neck. Yet...I've got better things to do."

Family Values?

In the "Remembering" column that appears in every issue of *Martha Stewart Living*, the editor in chief takes a few moments to reminisce about her family life, creating vivid tableaux in mawkish terms that rival Rockwell and Hallmark: The Stewarts forage for wild berries, renovate a decrepit New England schoolhouse, make a little maple sugar, etc.—wholesome family behavior of the highest caliber. But while her readers have been encouraged, over the years, to develop a picture of Stewart as a charming, distaff do-it-yourselfer, those who spend their days

up close and personal with the Buddha of Suburbia know her better as "Martha Dearest." It is conceivable that a debate may rage for several centuries over the precise extent of Martha's homemaking abilities. One thing, however, is indisputable. Stewart certainly knows more about keeping a home clean and beautiful than she does about keeping one happy. Just ask her family.

In one of the peculiar domestic ironies that abound in the Stewart empire, it was while Martha was on a 1987 book tour promoting *Weddings*—a glossy \$70 guide to celebrating marital bliss—that Andy Stewart, her husband of 26 years, moved out of Stewart Manor and filed for a divorce. Apparently not reassured that Martha's overflowing calendar of household chores would keep her busy, Andy—not to be confused with the famously well-hung Police guitarist of the same name—also reportedly obtained a court order that prohibited his wife from harassing him. "Andy loved Martha deeply," Norma Collier, her former catering partner, told *People*, "but he was always being belittled or berated by her." The couple decided they could not be reconciled, and in 1991 their bitter break was finalized. Deeply in love with Martha though he may have been, Andy took only three years to make a complete recovery. He wooed and married one of her former assistants, a scant 21 years his junior.

Andy was not the only member of Martha's nuclear unit to fly out of her orbit. Because both Andy and Martha were so wrapped up in their careers—and so busy supervising home-renovation efforts—their daughter often found herself on the parental back burner. As a result, Alexis, now 31, remains bitter and acrimonious toward her parents to this day. She has not spoken with her father in eight years and, though things are improving with Martha, Alexis is reportedly still uncomfortable living in her spacious shadow. "For most women, the period of resenting your mother ends in your twenties," says an acquaintance. "But for Alexis, it's still going on—she's always rolling her eyes behind Martha's back and scowling at her."

Martha, for her part, is said to be quite disappointed with her daughter's career trajectory. Although Alexis owns an antique shop, a motel, and a gym (all in the chichi Hamptons), to date she has displayed disappointingly few symptoms of impending megalomania. Perhaps in order to instill an appropriate sense of inadequacy in her daughter, or possibly inspired by Andy's keep-it-in-the-empire maneuvering with her former assistant, Martha scripted her own personal sequel to *The Graduate* when she began dating Dr. Sam Waksal, a New York immunologist, shortly after he had stopped dating Alexis. Martha even felt it was appropriate to include a picture of Waksal and Alexis smooching—taken, presumably, before Martha started dating him—in her megaselling book, *Entertaining*. Whether Alexis was indeed entertained by her mother's breathtaking bit of date swapping, or instead just plain disgusted, is sadly not a matter of public record.

Myth Manners

Ignorant of the fact that nearly anyone who crosses Martha's path runs a serious risk of being treated like family—especially if they happen to be dating a New York immunologist—countless adoring fans look forward to an audience with Martha Stewart as if she were a homemaking goddess with healing powers. Even the Clintons realized the potency of what Stewart stands for. At Christmas last year, Hillary invited Martha to hang one of her special wreaths on the White House door, presumably as a body double for any lurking snipers.

And Martha was only too happy to oblige. For in addition to her role as the self-canonized patron saint of food-and-shelter publishing, domesticity, and self-reliance, Martha would also like to see herself as the avatar of the lost art of gracious living. While some of her more devout fans do indeed look back on their Martha encounters as epiphanic contacts with the divine essence of gentility, the idea that anyone can consider Martha Stewart a symbol of American grace is yet another testimony to the well-oiled effectiveness of Stewart's PR machinery. Martha, you're no Jackie Kennedy.

Unless preceded by the syllable *dis*, *grace* is not a word that comes up very often when Stewart's minions discuss their boss, familiar as they are with Stewart's notorious tendency to viciously dress down her staffers and then, without a pause, switch on that serene smile. "While filming the Christmas special last fall, Martha and one of her assistants were consolidating coffee into a large bowl on the kitchen floor," recalls one observer. "When the assistant, a nice, unassuming woman named Angel, spilled maybe a quarter cup of grounds onto the flagstone, Martha launched into a tirade, screaming, 'What are you, an idiot?!'" Another source remembers, "Martha once asked an intern to go out and buy a pair of pliers. When the intern came back with the wrong brand, Martha told her point blank, 'You're a worthless human being.'" And, in a particu-

larly rabid fit of home-improving zeal, she once told her driver with a chuckle that if he ever breathed a word about her shenanigans to the press, she would pour Liquid Drano down his throat. Or have someone else do it.

And Martha's interaction with her devoted fans can be every bit as caustic. Last Christmas in Buffalo, approximately 1,000 women paid \$65 each to attend a Stewart lecture and book signing to benefit the Lupus Foundation. After signing fewer than half the books that she had originally promised to sign, Stewart "gracefully" (her word) cut out, leaving hundreds of disappointed women with nothing to show for their pilgrimage, not to mention their \$65. As wronged New Yorkers do, the women complained vociferously, and even

heckled Martha as she retreated. The *Buffalo News* picked up the story and found itself in the middle of a minor media brush fire. In a hostile letter to the newspaper, Martha chose not to beat around the well-trimmed shrubbery: "I've been coming to Buffalo a long time, and I promise I'll think long and hard before I accept another invitation to your chilly and downright unfriendly city again....[Y]our newspaper should reflect a little on the spirit of the season and thank people like me who expend a tremendous amount of time and energy on behalf of the needy instead of condoning, wrongly, the complaints of a selfish few who accuse me of 'bolting' from a book signing that had



run out of time. I find your actions deplorable."

The Buffalo incident is an example of classic Martha Stewart behavior. In implying that the Rust Belt city lacks the dignity to merit her presence (unlike, say, East Hampton or Connecticut), she neglects to mention that her own grandfather was an iron worker from Buffalo's Polish East Side. Her attack on the disappointed women for being "selfish" reveals the same twisted grasp of reality behind the claim that she "expends a tremendous amount of time and energy on behalf of the needy." Every time Martha steps to the podium to deliver a so-called "charity lecture," she takes home \$16,000 in compensation. Whichever way you slice it, that's

more than enough hot meals for a whole hospital of down-on-their-luck immunologists.

Martha 2000

At press time, Martha Stewart was threatening to break ties with Time Warner—which produces both her magazine and her TV show—unless the company gave her a substantial equity stake and complete control over the contents and marketing of all current and future Martha Stewart products. But Time Warner is understandably unhappy about the magazine's lack of profits, especially considering Martha's *Waterworld*-like budget. As well as supplying the battalion of staffers that keeps *Living* afloat from month to month, Time Warner also pays for Martha's chauffeur-driven Chevy Suburban and sets aside \$40,000 a year for her clothing allowance.

If Martha does leave Time Warner (or if Time Warner sensibly tosses her out), she has two options: She can seek shelter under the umbrella of Condé Nast or another large media company, and risk running into the same corporate conflicts she suffers with Time Warner. Or Martha can find an outside investor who is enough of either a moron or a visionary to give her both money and the total control she seeks. An investment of this sort will require a rather huge leap of faith on someone's part. Although Stewart can make a garden trellis—or make arrangements to have one made—and has admittedly done wonders marketing her hollow shtick, there is a cornucopia of evidence that she lacks the skills to run a \$200 million media company. None of which is to say that Martha won't probably come out smelling like a tea rose. As we have seen, one skill she does possess is looking exquisitely gracious as she burns you.

But like her multimedia empire, Martha Stewart's projected persona is in something of a state of flux. As Stewart tries more and more to embody all of the qualities that Gingrich-era America claims to value in a woman—top-of-the-range homemaking skills, a WASPY sense of propriety, entrepreneurial savvy, and (in perception, at least) a sort of mental CD-ROM containing the ancient recipes for familial bliss—her colossal and cartoonish public image is undergoing a subtle but unmistakable transition. "The early Martha Stewart was a winsomely attractive and conventional hostess," con-


trarian feminist Camille Paglia recently told SPY. "Then, as she became more and more powerful, she shed her husband, cut off her hair, and turned into a male-female master of the universe. I think she does exude a charisma that is transsexual. Many lesbians have commented on this. And she seems to have a gay-male sensibility in terms of entertaining, her mad ingenuity, her attention to detail, and so forth." Paglia makes one wonder how mass-market America would react to Martha attempting to reinvent herself as an androgynous dominatrix of domesticity, or even, heaven forbid, working the talk-show circuit as a gay man imprisoned inside a woman's body.

This probably isn't going to happen. But Martha's popularity with America's gay community continues to rage unchecked—and unacknowledged by Martha. Gay men primarily adore Martha for the kitschy camp appeal of a woman who has made a multimillion-dollar career out of a vaunted

ability to distinguish between different floral patterns. But a small subsection of the gay community—and of her female fans, for that matter—seem to have bought into the idea of Martha Stewart as an icon of happy sterility.

The feathering of empty nests, after all, is what Martha Stewart does best. When the generative, nurturing aspect of your life is either nonexistent or has become something you would rather forget about, why not simply ignore it and pour your energy into buffing up the details? Monogram a bunch of place settings, pervert the natural growth of some young saplings, maybe mix up a batch of springtime potpourri to rid your house and garden of the lingering odor of loneliness and futility.

This is the niche in the self-help market that has made Stewart's phenomenal success possible, and that she should certainly be given credit for recognizing. As the inedible-silver-ball fiasco made painfully clear, however, the innumerable frills and trimmings that Martha has managed to sell the American public are simply for show.

After all, you don't reach for a Martha Stewart cookbook and start whipping up plantain turnovers with guava slices when you have a horde of ravenous, possibly bad-tempered mouths to feed any more than you spend a day building a "new chicken coop with breeding rooms" (May 21, 1996 on her calendar) when your own brood is causing enough problems. All in all, it really isn't surprising that, behind the scenes, Martha's solipsistic worldview has ruffled a few feathers—and plucked a few, too—when you consider exactly what it is she's selling: the sterile, self-centered way of life that Martha Stewart finds the nerve to call "living." 

**"Susan Magrino paints
Martha as an omnipowerful,
omnipresent Renaissance
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prima donna behavior."**

LET'S GO LEBANON!

guernillas





Lebanon is the latest sensation on the travel circuit. But don't book your flight just yet—the Switzerland of the Middle East isn't quite ready for a Let's Go guide. By VERNON SILVER



in the midst

The first thing I saw inside the Lebanese embassy in Egypt was a sweaty little tornado of a man, frantic to get a visa so he wouldn't miss his afternoon flight to Beirut. On the wall behind him was a poster of the city, her hilly skyline hugging the azure Mediterranean coast. In French, the caption said: "She has a thousand times died, a thousand times been reborn."

The frantic fellow was a photographer, a veteran of Beirut's wartime media pack who had fled the city a decade before and was now desperate to get back in. "The day they kidnapped Terry Anderson was the day I packed my bags and left," he said. But this time he was going back not on a shrapnel-laden sortie for a wire service but because the *New York Times's Sophisticated Traveler* magazine needed him on the ground fast.

Beirut is being reborn as an exclusive travel destination, thanks to a slick Lebanese government advertising initiative aimed at world-weary tourists. So what if the buildings in

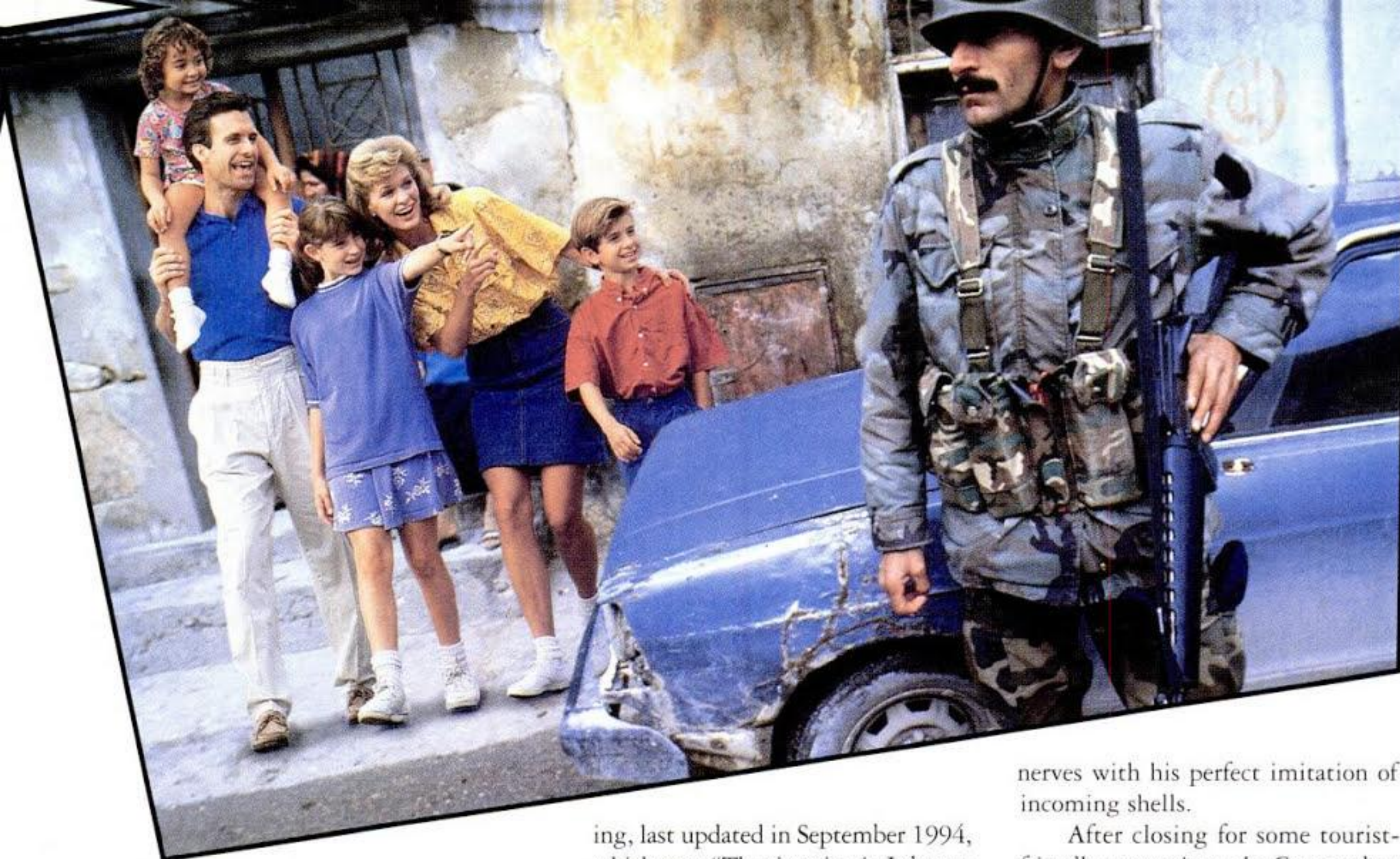
Beirut are so bombed out that they collapse on refugee families? Who cares if the city's drinking and bathing water is still hauled to homes in tanker trucks, and in most neighborhoods power is only accessible 12 hours a day? And that little war with Israel earlier this year? The action took place primarily in the boon-docks, and they didn't hit any *hotels*, scaredy-pants! Western hostages have been freed, the rival militias that once ran the city don't fight much anymore, and the Syrian army "peace-keepers" keep Hezbollah guerrillas in the hills, where (for now) they can only make trouble for the occupying Israeli troops in the south, not mai-tai-drinking tourists.

But the Lebanese have been unable to rid themselves of Israeli or Syrian occupiers—can they wage a successful campaign against Western tourists? Hey, the island of Jamaica engineered a miraculous tourism comeback in the eighties with the brilliant "Come Back to Jamaica" campaign, which, in reaction to

a decades-long violent-crime problem, recast the island as a sugarcoated reggae-tinged global party. Of course, Jamaica didn't have to contend with a jihad, guerrilla warfare, and suicide bombers.

Still, clubs, restaurants, and hotels are popping up in Lebanon faster than the health or building inspectors can keep track. The once world-renowned ski slopes and beaches—well, those practically never closed. And the government is reopening tourism offices in Europe and giving tax breaks to developers in order to revive the tourism that once accounted for 20 percent of Lebanon's gross national product.

Can you blame the Lebanese for trying? After 15 years of civil war, what was the Switzerland of the Middle East supposed to do—wait for every last terrorist to leave town? No way. They ignored the bad guys and started the tourism offensive. Initial results: The number of visitors has doubled in just three years, and the



promotion has attracted the attention of travel editors and writers around the globe. The boom is so contagious that even the Tehran-backed Hezbollah has learned to balance terrorism with tourism, *cooperating* with the government to allow ancient ruins in their territory to be opened to the public. And how do contemporary terrorists marry such strategies successfully? Consider the signs at the Hezbollah Bekaa Valley stronghold, which greet visitors in distinctly different manners. The signs in Arabic hold the anti-Western, party line "Death to American Satans, death to Israel," while the slightly more inviting English-language signs say, "Hezbollah welcomes you by his pioneer values."

If you use the local mentality as a barometer, everything is hunky-dory now that the shelling's stopped. Never mind the terrorist groups that have become part of the nation's political fabric, such as Hezbollah, which managed to get eight of its members elected to Parliament in 1992. (After all, it's been years since they've set off a car bomb in downtown Beirut.) And never mind the U.S. State Department's travel warn-

ing, last updated in September 1994, which says, "The situation in Lebanon is so dangerous that no U.S. citizen can be considered safe from terrorist acts. While all of the known American hostages have been released, the organizations which abducted them continue to operate within the country." Just make sure you get those areas highlighted clearly on your triptik.

beirut, I was discovering, is a tough town that's getting soft. In the war days, most of the foreign press stayed at the Commodore Hotel, which reached its apex of fame in 1982, when Garry Trudeau sent his *Doonesbury* newsman character, Roland Burton Hedley, Jr., there for a few strips' stay. Back then, the Commodore's residents included the *Times*'s Thomas Friedman, who wrote in his Beirut memoir of the front desk clerk who would ask registering guests if they wanted the "shelling side" or the "peaceful side." The legendary hotel gained a reputation for its lobby shoot-outs, grenade pranks, and Coco, the resident African gray parrot who rattled

nerves with his perfect imitation of incoming shells.

After closing for some tourist-friendly renovations, the Commodore Hotel officially reopened just two weeks before my March arrival. It is sure to disappoint anyone looking for a glory-days wartime watering hole. For starters, Coco was kidnapped and never returned. The white marble lobby now boasts a Benihana Japanese restaurant and a cocktail lounge called News Bar, a Disney take on a nostalgic press-corps-theme pub: clean, devoid of reporters, and possessed of a custom-made carpet replete with embroidered, cartoonish pictures of newspapers. That's what happens when you spend \$35 million on renovations and upgrade to five stars. And on a small scale, that's what's happening to all of Lebanon, as the government brings out the welcome wagons. For me, Lebanese hospitality started with a motorcycle ride offer I couldn't refuse.

It's the national holiday protesting Israel's occupation of Lebanon's southern region, and nearly every major intersection in Beirut is blocked by boys and young men with collection boxes for Islamic Resistance, the guerrilla wing of Hezbollah.

Like the old days, when Christian and Muslim militias set up checkpoints in the city's neighborhoods, these Hezbollah youth use cinder blocks to narrow the traffic to one lane and, with just a touch of intimidation, solicit funds. Actually, they look like the members of a junior

native of Lebanon's south who was forced to Beirut by the occupation. "That is terrorism? It is not terrorism to take back my house." He pauses. "Look at us," he says, pointing to himself and his friends. "We are not terrorists." I look, and what I see are guys on a street corner in Beirut carrying militant banners and wearing black boots,

or "God is greater," a mantra that means Allah is more powerful than the enemies of Islam. Nasser has driven so fast that I am soon disoriented and at his mercy.

Now I'm concerned, imagining the dark den we are surely headed to, punctuated with pot after pot of brutally strong Turkish coffee, smoky rooms, and grisly war stories. I suppose I am slightly disappointed when we pull up at a pink neon sign in front of a giant fiber-

I WAS HOPING TO STUMBLE UPON A NEST OF STRATEGIZING GUERRILLAS.



INSTEAD, I WALKED INTO LEBANON'S VERSION OF ARNOLD'S FROM HAPPY DAYS.

varsity football team

from a typical American town, where similar tactics are used to raise money for new uniforms. The only difference is that here, instead of high school pennants at each checkpoint, these jocks are flying flags depicting a fist brandishing a machine gun.

I start a conversation with a few of the checkpoint ringleaders. They explain that their fight is about re-taking Lebanese territory from Israel in the country's south, not about the general anti-Western terror campaign that Hezbollah is said to have conducted, during which 241 people were killed when the American Marine barracks here were bombed in 1983.

"I want to defend my land," says Nakarem Nasser, a 30-year-old

black jeans, black leather vests, and, for that Unabomber look, black-hooded sweatshirts—basically, the bad guys in a *Delta Force* movie.

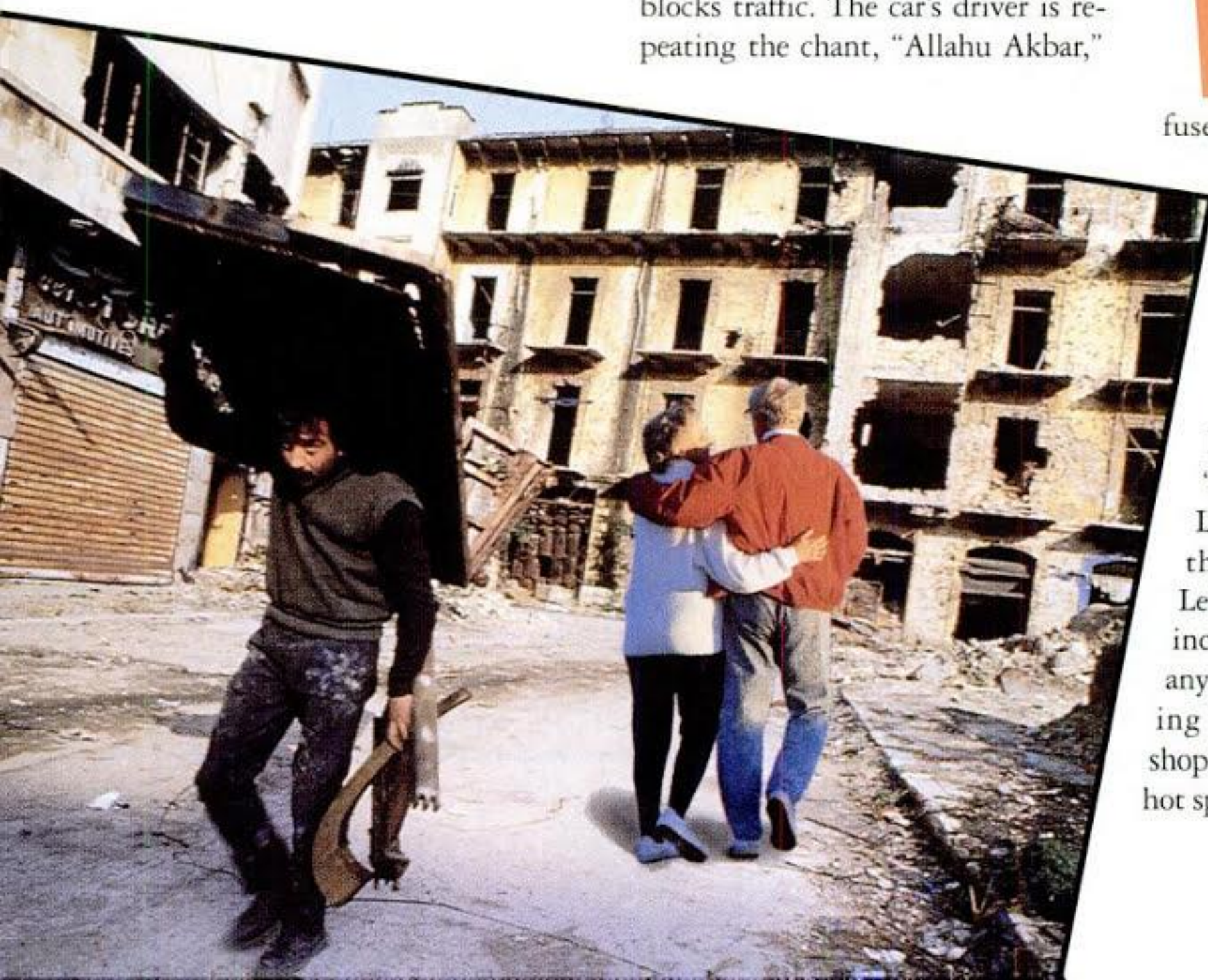
When Nasser suggests we take off on his Yamaha to grab a drink, I am only mildly concerned—more than anything, I think I've hit pay dirt. Maybe he'll whisk me off to some terrorist joint, where I'll gain his confidence and get the inside scoop on guerrilla operations. With me holding on tight to his back, Nasser flies up hills and around corners, bumping over potholes, past a huge wooden cutout of Ayatollah Khomeini, slowing down only when a car with a loudspeaker on the roof blocks traffic. The car's driver is repeating the chant, "Allahu Akbar,"

glass ice-cream cone.

We've met up with some of Nasser's cronies at the Juicy Barbar, not exactly the secret hideout I was expecting. As we munch our fruit salads, Nasser assures me that the Juicy Barbar is a stronghold of Hezbollah support. The owner nods in agreement as he adds some strawberry frozen yogurt to one of the guys' kiwi cups.

What I was hoping to stumble upon was a nest of guerrillas strategizing their next moves. Instead, I walked into Lebanon's version of Arnold's from *Happy Days*. But I was con-

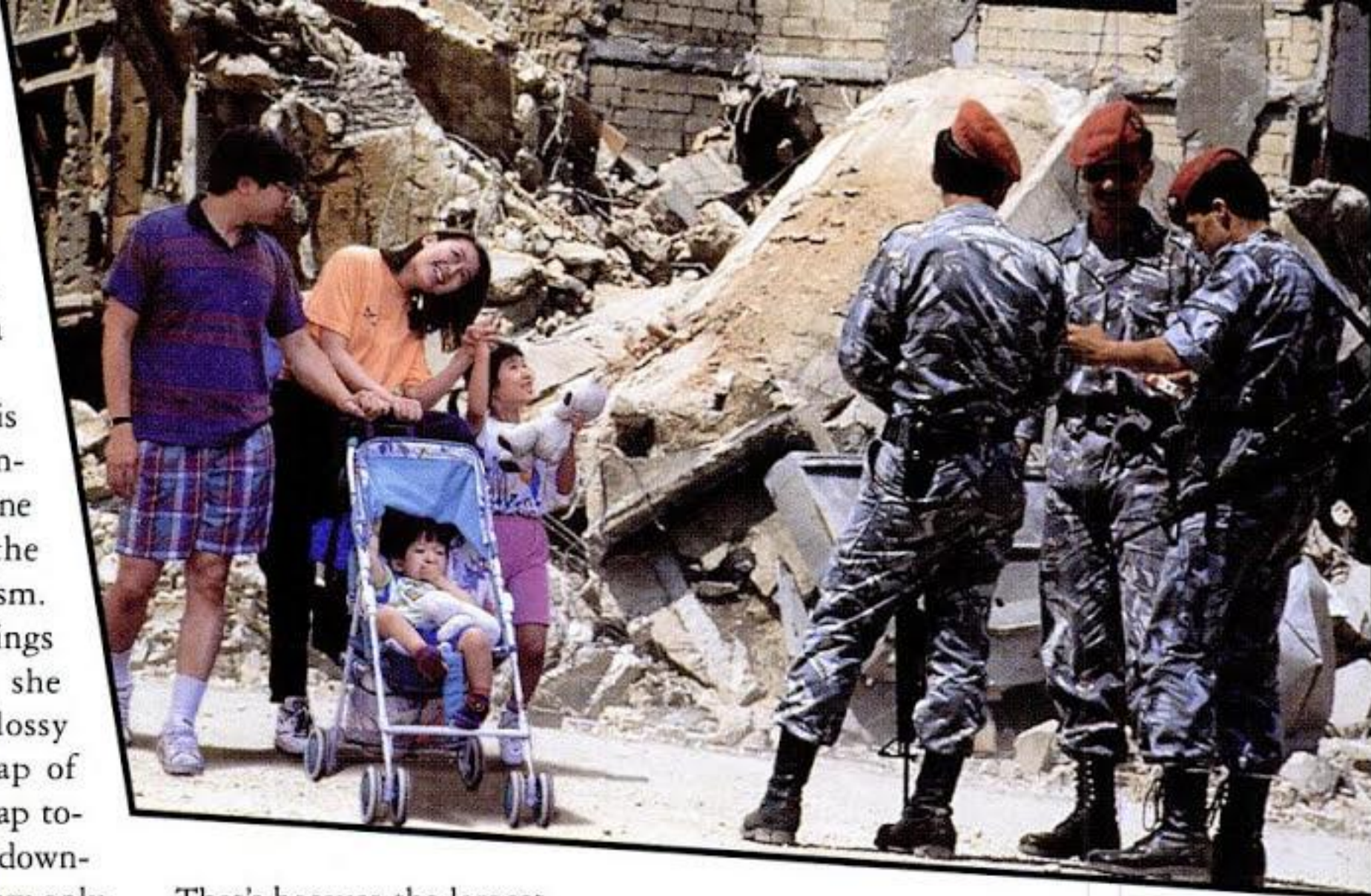
fused. I thought again of the State Department's warning: "The issues that ignited the civil war have not been completely resolved. Syrian troops are present in a large area of the country. Militias still have the capability to operate within Lebanon. Israel has established a 'security zone' in southern Lebanon, and hostilities occur in the area without warning. The Lebanese populace is armed, and incidents of violence can occur at any time." What, from frogurt-eating no-goodniks at an ice-cream shop? In addition to being a volatile hot spot in the Middle East, Lebanon



seems caught in a war of publicity. It's as if Beirut is hosting a black-tie dinner, and Washington is saying, "It's okay to go—just pack a bulletproof vest."

"It's safe, construction is taking place, tourists are coming," says Mona El Kadri, one of the cheerleaders at the Lebanese Ministry of Tourism. "There are no more kidnappings or killings," she says as she supplies me with a new glossy brochure and a prewar map of Beirut. As we look at the map together, she deletes a patch of downtown where the streets are now only a moonscape of blown-out debris, with some construction projects underway. The new maps, she says, will not even be printed until the downtown section is rebuilt, well into the next millennium.

The 25-year plan is to make those 1.6 million square meters of downtown Beirut inhabitable once more. Driving through the canyons of cratered apartment



That's because the largest shareholder of Solidere, a development company with an exclusive contract for the downtown project, is none other than Lebanon's billionaire prime minister, Rafiq Hariri. Yes, it's the wet dream deal of every non-mob-affiliated big-city developer, but believe it or not, the prime minister and

safer here than in Europe or anywhere in the United States," he says, going further to say that the ban is "political" and has nothing to do with safety. "The people here are peaceful. It's so stupid. They can't come here but they are

BEIRUT PROMISES A GLORIOUS REBIRTH. THROW IN A BANANA REPUBLIC AND A



FOOD COURT AND YOU'VE GOT A SOUTH STREET SEAPORT ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.

buildings, past the old Holiday Inn decorated with huge shell holes in its side and the plaza that was bombed so heavily that hidden archaeological treasures were revealed beneath its foundation, it's hard to imagine a Beirut renaissance. But the blueprints depict a glorious rebirth: a pedestrian bazaar in the old souks area, a new financial district, and a huge seaside park built on landfill. Throw in a Banana Republic, a Sharper Image, and a food court and you've got a South Street Seaport on the Mediterranean.

The encouraging reality about reconstruction is that there's absolutely zero chance that any project in the downtown area will run into snafus getting zoning or construction permits from the government.

his billions are actually doing what no one else could accomplish during the past five years of peace. Hariri is spending so much cash that he's personally stimulating Lebanon's economy, creating jobs, stabilizing the currency, and bringing in foreign investment. He's like a Middle Eastern Ross Perot.

Whatever he's doing, it's given the tourism industry a shot in the arm. In 1992, only 177,503 people visited Lebanon, according to Antoine Ikkewe, the Tourism Ministry's statistician, but by 1995, the annual total was up to 409,755. Ikkewe, a cantankerous old fellow who occasionally trails off, muttering in French, says about 40 percent of those visitors were tourists, and that the number would be astronomically higher if it weren't for the American travel ban. "It's much

allowed in Israel where buses are always blowing up."

So the government is doing what it can to promote tourism. They've taken obvious steps, like reopening the Casino du Liban (20 minutes north of downtown) and selling memberships in new country clubs. (One magazine advertisement boasted a low \$8,000 membership fee for a club inauspiciously named Ishtar.) Nevertheless, there are some touches here and there that could benefit from a makeover, like the antiaircraft guns at the airport.

Fact is, Lebanon is still at war. In the south, Hezbollah guerrillas (with government approval) periodically attack Israeli troops in the "security zone." Last April, the volley exchange turned into a 16-day war that killed at least 159 people in Southern Lebanon,

mostly civilians. Even the day before I arrived in March, Hezbollah had killed two Israeli soldiers; the Israelis responded by shelling nearby Lebanese villages. The day after I arrived, the Peacemakers' Summit took place in Egypt, where world leaders gathered to condemn terrorism. Two notable no-shows among the invitees: Lebanon and Syria. One Hezbollah member of the Lebanese Parliament responded to the peace efforts by calling the United States the "Satan of this age."

As a citizen of the Satan Republic, I wanted to pay a visit to Hezbollah headquarters in the Bekaa Valley. From Beirut, it's less than a two-hour drive over the snow-capped mountains to Baalbek. Baalbek is home to some of the world's most impressive Roman ruins, as well as Khomeini Hospital, Hezbollah's Islamic University, and the dungeon where American and British hostages, including journalists, were kept in solitary confinement for years.

My guide and I arrive in Baalbek, a town gaily decorated with Hezbollah flags and Khomeini portraits, on a balmy, hazy day. He calms my nerves by asking incredulously, "You're not afraid to be kidnapped?" We cruise through town, past the Hezbollah-owned supermarket, bank, schools, pharmacy, and TV and radio stations. Coming up a hill, my guide points to El Khawam, a parched military base on our left. "The hostages used to be here in a prison under the ground," he says matter-of-factly as we circle the walled concrete encampment.

The locale of an armed Hezbollah camp wouldn't be so disturbing if it weren't smack in the middle of the government's prime location for tourism development outside Beirut: the ancient Baalbek ruins. The ruins were the home of a renowned music and dance festival every year from 1955 through 1974, and the government hopes to soon revive the festival. The tourism flacks in Beirut said the performances will

begin again in 1997 or 1998.


In its fabled history, the festival holds Lebanon's glory days. Old photos tell the story: Ella Fitzgerald in a sequined gown, giving an evening performance with the dramatically lit Roman columns as her backdrop, Beirut debutantes acting as ushers, elegant concertgoers dining at tables in the ruins during intermission, and traffic over the mountains creating a snake of headlights into the valley. Before the war forced the festival's demise, the Bolshoi Ballet, Joan Baez, and the New York Philharmonic—as well as thousands of tourist dollars—had descended into the Bekaa Valley.

Its renewed success, however, depends on Hezbollah's behavior—and whether tourists will want to spend an evening just a grenade's throw away from a terrorist military camp. Back at the Tourism Ministry, Mona El Kadri insists that Hezbollah won't be a problem. "We ask them for permission," she says, admitting the government's lack of control but refusing to say Hezbollah is actively involved in planning the tourist influx. "They help in the way that they don't disturb," she says.

That is nearly as reassuring as the visit I make to Baalbek's best hotel, the Palmyra, where the power is out and a bellboy has to light a candle in the bathroom so I can make a pit stop before heading back to the capital.

While concerts are still in the planning stages in the countryside, they've already started in Beirut. On my last night in the country, I attend a semi-outdoor pop concert by groups flown in from Europe and America, like Rednex, Ini Kamoze, and Los Del Rio. It is semi-outdoors because it is held in the Beirut Forum, the downtown arena that's still under construction. The Lebanese generation that has never known peace is so eager to party that, in the past year, it has gathered en masse for two such concerts staged amid building debris.

As the concert crawls past midnight and toward dawn, a number of people in the crowd of 15,000 teenagers and young adults start throwing their empty mineral water bottles into the crowd, where, like shells, they fall indiscriminately, and sometimes painfully, on the heads of unknown concertgoers. Soldiers with machine guns patrol the entrances and keep kids off the stage. As the kids dance, Shaggy, an American reggae star, performs his international hit "The Boombastic."

Yes, the boom certainly is on in Lebanon. For the sake of all those living in the Middle East, though, let's hope it's not the kind that emanates from a car bomb. 



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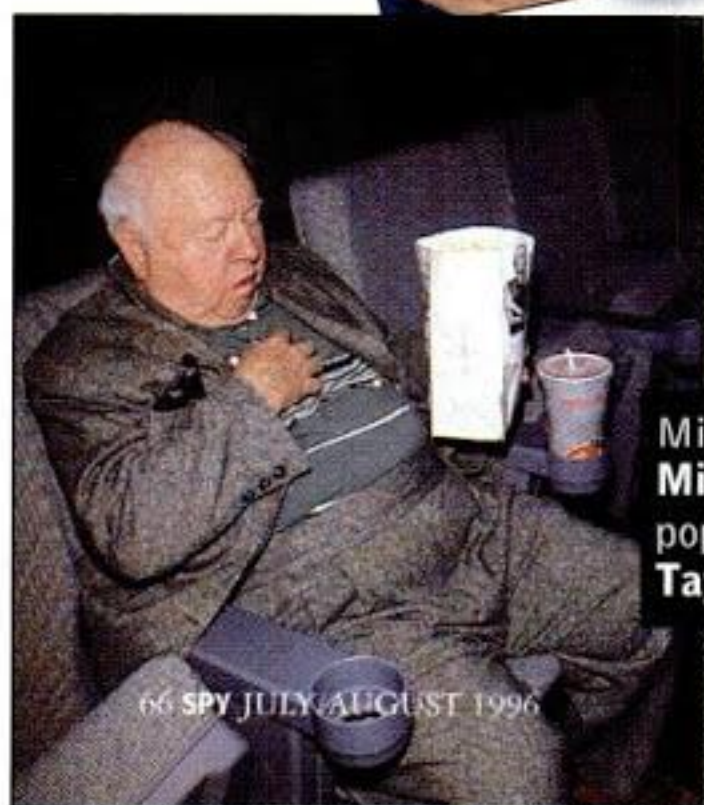
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"Didn't you die?" **Dan Aykroyd** asks replacement Blues Brother **Jim Belushi**. "I have no life, if that's what you mean!" quips the shameless stand-in.



Sweatshop mogul **Kathie Lee Gifford** organizes a fun-filled "thank you" for the starving children of Honduras. "Keep up the good work!" she giggles.



Midway through a *National Velvet* matinee, **Mickey Rooney** holds the fort—and the popcorn—while perfume shill **Elizabeth Taylor** drops a "black pearl."



Party Poop



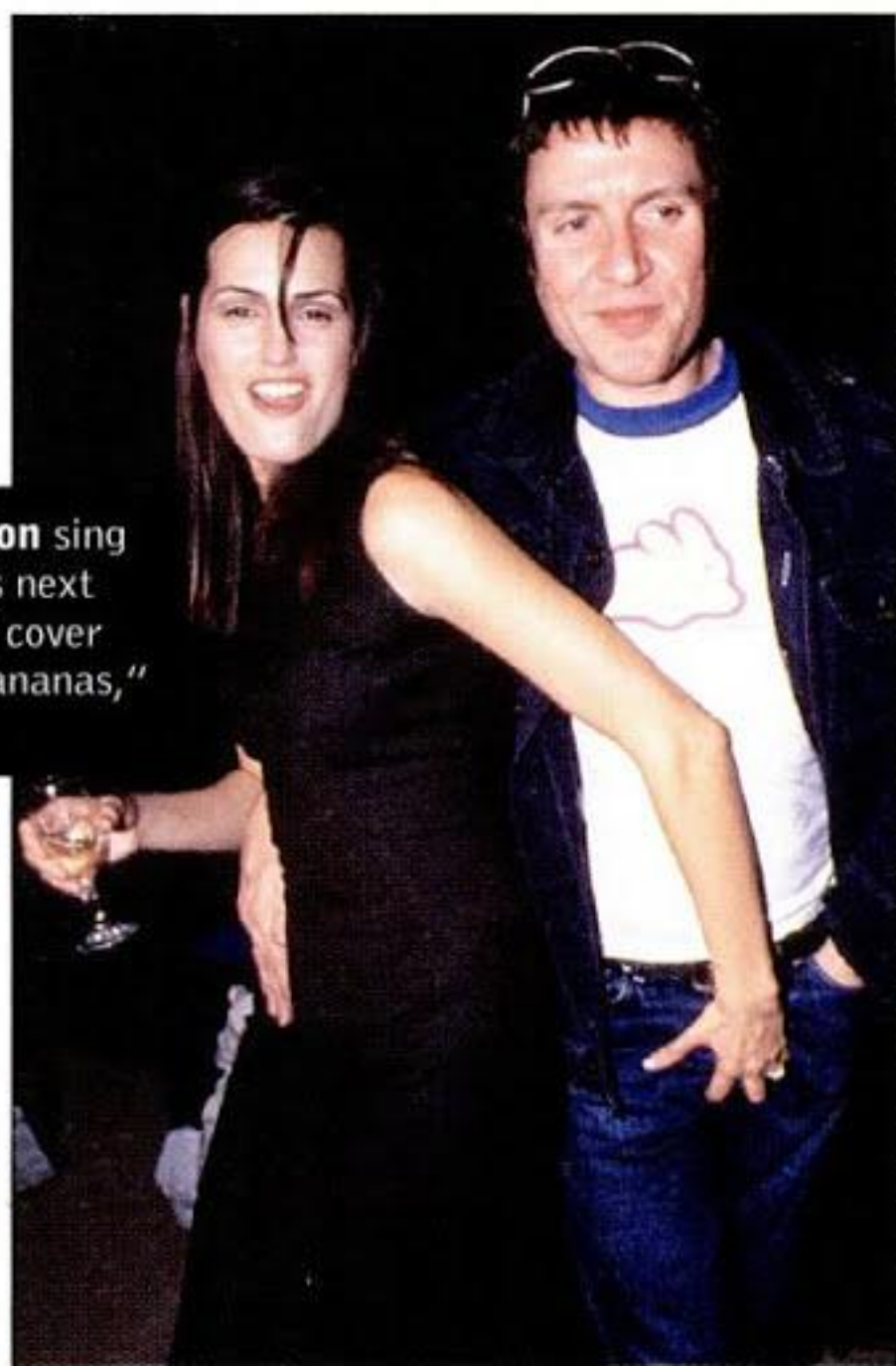
After his 1995 Oscar triumph, **David Letterman** (above) arrives for the '96 ceremony. This time, though, he's chopping limes behind the bar.



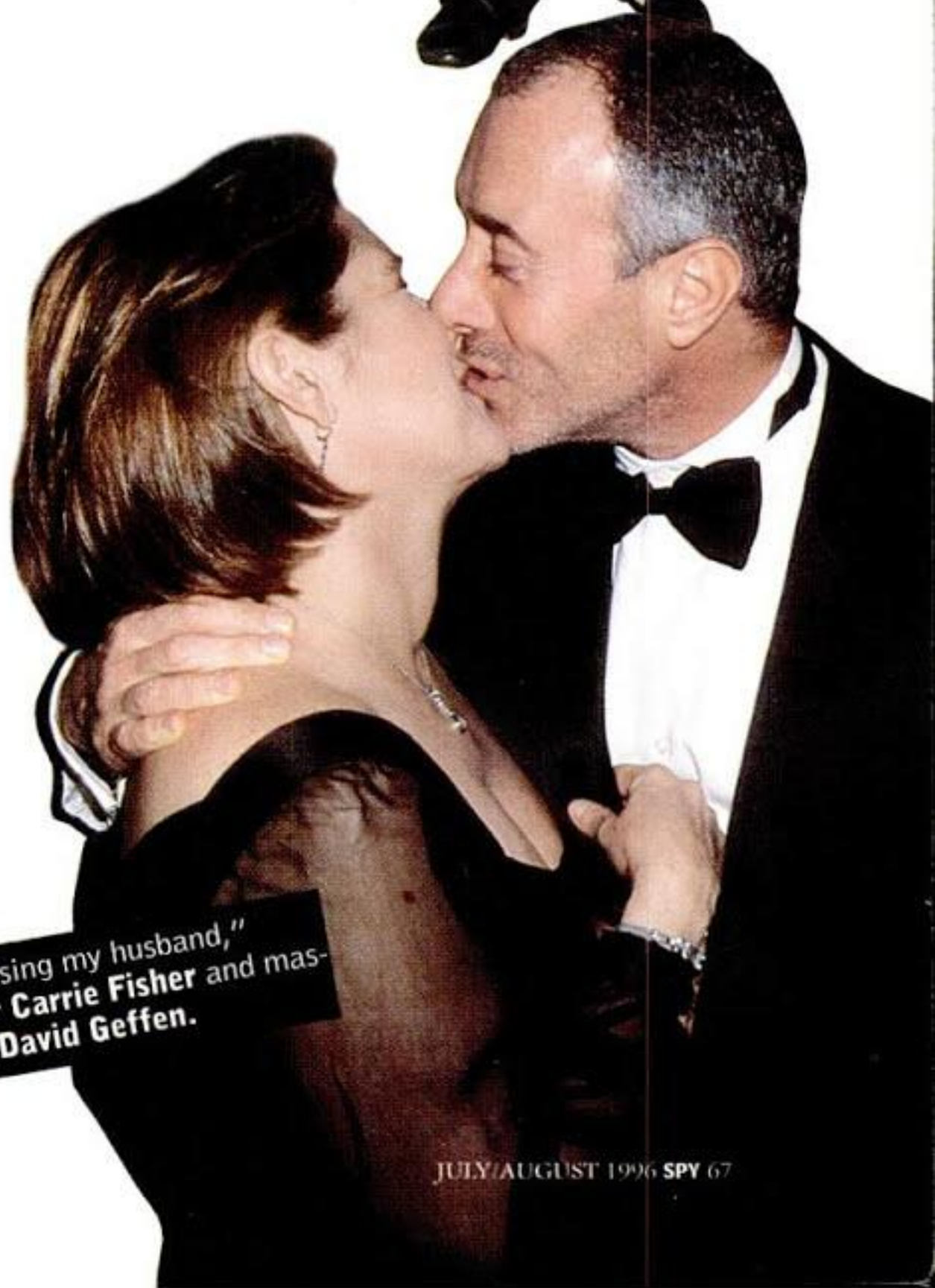
Absolute beginner **Patsy Kensit** suddenly wishes she hadn't asked Oasis bad boy **Liam Gallagher** what a "wonderwall" is.



"Have you seen my chin?" asks former child-star **Michael Jackson**. "I left it soaking on the bedside table, and my little friend must have stolen it!"



What songs will **Simon Le Bon** sing on supergroup Duran Duran's next creatively bankrupt album of cover tunes? "Yes, We Have No Bananas," times wife **Yasmin**.



"Reminds me of kissing my husband," agree Star Warrior **Carrie Fisher** and master of the universe **David Geffen**.

Antique Republican pen-holder, **Bob Dole**, demonstrates his mastery of the Steve Forbes "flesh chin-strap" effect. Did somebody say "flap tax"?



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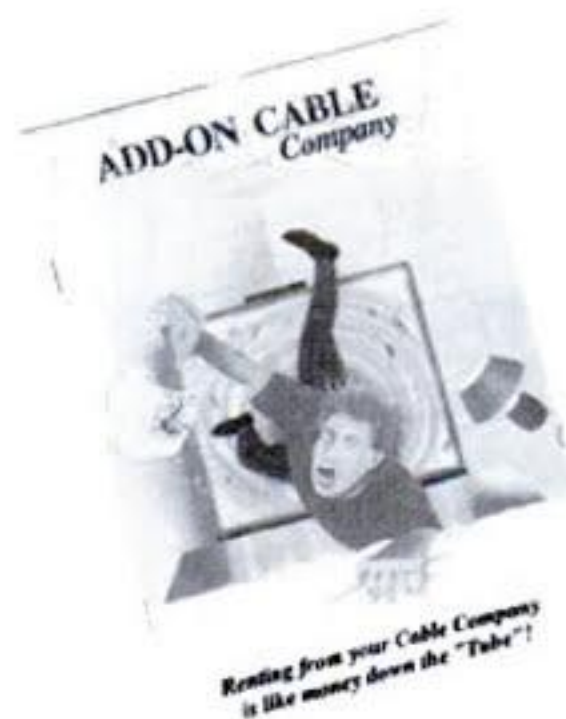
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You see, the woman of the 90's is the most aggressive woman ever. Most men make the mistake of trying to stand up to her by being more aggressive. Nothing could be a bigger mistake.

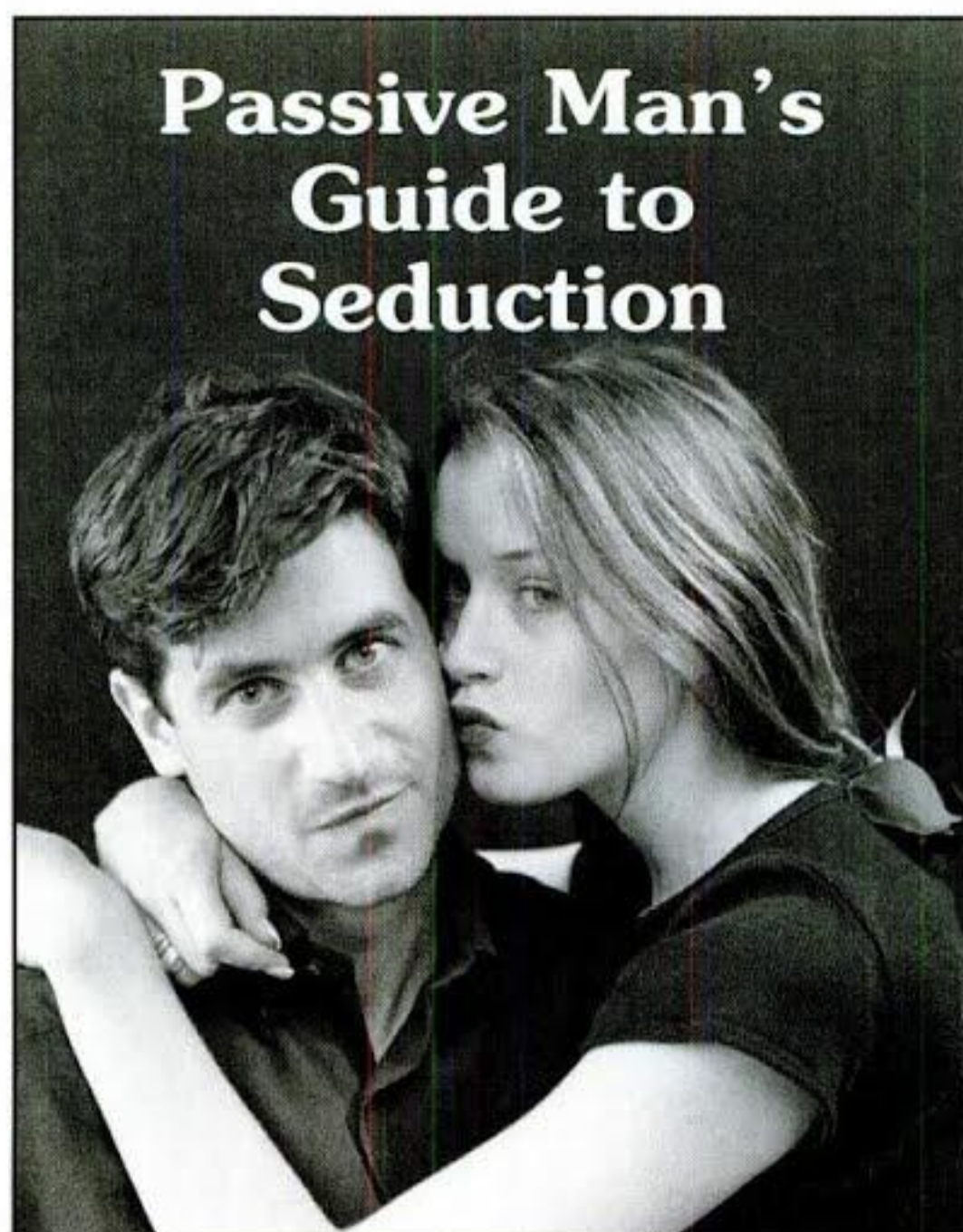
Instead of attracting a woman, the aggressive man is simply a turn-off. That's why you see so many men these days being rejected or ignored. Franklin explains

the unbelievable power of passiveness. It's like judo, letting a

trying isn't cool • How to triumph over flashier guys • How to show her just a "spoonful of chauvinism" • How to be a magnet to beautiful women • Why women find intelligence sexier than looks • How playing chess attracts women • How to *listen* to a woman • How to have "cockidence" • The importance of giving her room • And much more!

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THE CLEARVEIL ADVANTAGE

- **No noise.** Clearveil doesn't use a fan, so it operates in perfect silence, 24 hours a day.
- **No misses.** Because it doesn't draw air through a filter, Clearveil catches minute particles of dust that even HEPA filters miss.
- **No mess.** Clearveil uses a positively-charged collection sheet to draw the negative ions back into the unit once they have collected dust.

Is the air in your home or office musty and stale? Do you sneeze the second you walk in the door? Are you bothered by tobacco smoke, dust, dander or odors? Trust me... you are not alone.

Today, a remarkable new product is available that will rid your home or office of airborne

contaminants and operate in total silence: **Clearveil 250.**

Clearveil is a fanless electronic air purifier that uses patented microprocessor-controlled ionization and collection technology for contaminant removal. This method has been proven superior to other filters, including High Efficiency Particulate Arresting (HEPA) filters.

The best method. In the past, the HEPA filter was considered the most effective air purification method. But Clearveil's technology is more advanced. Studies have shown Clearveil to be more effective in capturing a higher percentage of even the smallest contaminants.

HEPA filters have a certain level of permeability because they must allow air to pass through them. This means that small dust particles including bacteria, viruses, smog and tobacco smoke are also free to pass. But Clearveil's non-permeable sheet doesn't allow those particles to

- 1 Clearveil releases negative ions into the air.
- 2 The negative ions combine with positively-charged dust particles and form a negatively-charged unit.
- 3 A collection plate with a positive charge attracts those negatively-charged units, removing them from the air.

How it works



A



Never scoop cat litter again... Computer technology creates the only self-cleaning litter box!

You and your cat will love the way LitterMaid eliminates the hassle, mess and odor of the ordinary litter box.

Computer technology revolutionizes the litter box

LitterMaid, a patented product from Waters Research Company, is a completely self-cleaning litter box operated by a microprocessor, but your cat uses it just like a normal litter box. Approximately 10 minutes after LitterMaid's "electric eye"



senses that your cat has exited the litter box, it signals the start-up of the automatic sifting comb. ★The comb sifts through the litter, scooping up any waste. ★★The waste is deposited into a sealed, airtight waste container and the comb returns to its original position, smoothing the litter. The system resets, ready to repeat its cycle the next time your cat uses the litter box. ★★★★★When the waste container is full, either replace it with a new one or empty it and reuse it for up to one year!



House cats. They all pose the same problem for their owners—the litter box. Few things I can think of are as foul as cleaning the litter box at my house. Even when I clean it daily, it's difficult to keep odor away. And this problem is multiplied because I have two cats! But because I love them, and that's virtually all the maintenance they require, I do it...there's just no other option.

Today there's a solution that cat owners across the country will be thrilled about. **LitterMaid**, a computerized, self-cleaning litter box from Waters Research Company, is destined to make ordinary litter boxes obsolete!

What do I have to do? LitterMaid is fully automatic. Just fill the pan with *clumping* cat litter (a premium brand will give the best results). LitterMaid does the rest! When the waste container is full, just throw it away and put a new one in its place! You'll never have unsanitary contact with cat waste again!

B



Better for your cat.

Not only will LitterMaid make your life easier, it will make the litter box a nicer place for your cat. Most cats dislike using litter boxes that are dirty, and that can lead to them not going to the bathroom. Or worse, they may use the bathroom around the house! With LitterMaid, your cat will always have a healthy, clean litter box.

Put it anywhere. LitterMaid is only a couple inches longer and taller than standard cat litter boxes. It should fit easily where your litter box is now—and you should put it there at first, until your cat gets used to it. But later, because LitterMaid is odorless and sanitary, you can place it virtually anywhere in your home—without any ordinary litter-box worries! ■



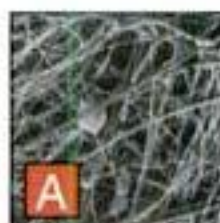
escape. This makes a big difference to anyone concerned with pure, pollutant-free air.

Energy efficient. Because Clearveil is so unobtrusive you'll want to run it all day long. And since it only uses about four watts of electricity, you can! One Clearveil unit, running 24 hours a day, will only cost about \$4 a year! Just one Clearveil unit will purify a 250-square-foot area. Purchase additional units for larger homes or office buildings.

You'll feel healthier. Negative ions do more than just remove the

harmful contaminants from the air you breathe. They can actually improve your environment, making it healthier and more invigorating. Studies have shown that these ions can help increase alertness and ease tension.

Guaranteed performance. We're so sure that you'll love Clearveil that for a limited time we're offering it for just \$199. We guarantee you'll notice a difference in the air you breathe and that Clearveil will operate in total silence. If you don't agree, just return it for a full refund. ■



After 168 hours of use, the Clearveil filter (B) has collected much more dust than the HEPA filter (A).

The future of cordless products can be found in 900 MHz technology...

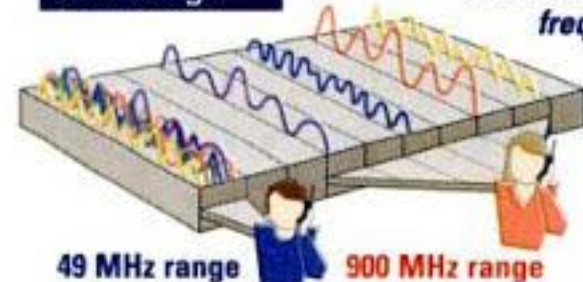
Most cordless products use 49 MHz technology (from 46-49 MHz). Interference and shortened range are common side effects of this cluttered frequency range, which is

900 MHz technology

shared by garage door openers, remote controls, home security systems and other cordless phones. Recently, the FCC allocated a band of frequencies (from 903-926 MHz) specifically for cordless products. The 900 MHz range is still virtually unused, so it gives clarity and long-range power.

Extended range. Range depends upon many factors, including frequency. Because the Micro 900ES phone system uses the uncluttered 900 MHz frequency range, you get clarity and range not available from other cordless phones. In fact, with Micro 900ES you can expect a range **two to three times greater** than that of ordinary cordless phones.

The 900 MHz advantage



49 MHz range

The Micro 900ES system operates in the newly-approved frequency range, from 903-926 MHz. You get long-range power and incredible sound quality!

Now you can get far greater range and networking features in a 900 MHz phone!

Introducing the Micro 900ES cordless phone—it operates on the 900 MHz frequency for clean, crisp sound. Its superior range and unique lightweight, pocket-sized handset make it the ultimate in home or small office communications systems!

The Micro 900ES outperforms traditional cordless phones in clarity, range and convenience!

C



these phones with music on hold, and with 40-channel auto-scanning you will be assured of crystal-clear, static-free conversations!

Not just a cordless phone. The Micro 900ES system operates on the 900 MHz frequency for crisp sound and greatly extended range. It also has several features that make it more than just a cordless phone.

- One of the smallest in the industry, the Micro 900ES offers a lightweight, pocket-sized handset.
- MultiLink™ is a multi-handset capability that lets you add up to three additional handsets and chargers to each phone base—without additional jacks.
- Two-way paging/intercom allows you to page between base set to handsets and handsets to base set.
- 40-channel Auto-Scanning automatically chooses the clearest of 40 channels.
- Direct Call Receiving lets you receive incoming calls even with the flip cover closed by pressing the line engage/disengage key.
- Auto-Talk enables the line to automatically engage to receive incoming calls when the handset is removed from the base set.
- QuickDial™ gives one-touch dialing for a preprogrammed number for each handset.

Additional features.

The Micro 900ES has 65,000 digital security codes to prevent any unauthorized calls. A Call Timer Display activates after a call is received or dialed.

For business telephone systems, you can call transfer between handsets with music on hold. There is also privacy—no eavesdropping on transferred calls. ■

Create a home or office communications network system...



The Micro 900ES lets you add up to three additional handsets and chargers to each Micro 900ES phone base—with just one jack!

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CHANNEL OF THE APES: Following the departure of Marcel, the *Friends* prime-time primate, two of NBC's top prime-time sitcom stars—coincidentally, two non-Italians who play Italian characters—have landed starring film roles opposite monkeys: *Seinfeld*'s **Jason Alexander** with an orangutan in the frothy flop *Dunston Checks In*, and *Friends*' **Matt LeBlanc** with a chimp in *Ed*. What's next? *The Single Guy*'s Jonathan Silverman in *Monkey Macbeth*?

BOSOM BUDDIES: Hack porn actress **Monique Gabrielle** pulled off a kitsch daily double in the 1980s, only recently discovered by SPY's crack staff. In 1984's *Bachelor Party*, Gabrielle plays stripper Tracey, who prances topless around a hotel room for **Tom Hanks**'s character. The next year, while playing Lisa in *The Rosebud Beach Hotel*, she appeared in a black see-through nightie with Hanks's former TV co-star **Peter Scolari**. Who knows: had she taken it all off for Scolari instead of Hanks, maybe Pete could have played Sally Fields's idiot son.



SEE THOMAS HOWL: Unsuccessful film actress **Kelly Preston**, perhaps more notable for being married to **John Travolta** than for any of the dozen-odd clunky movies in which she's appeared, finally has a claim to fame as the answer to a bit of bizarre cinema trivia. **Question:** What Hollywood actress has appeared in two different films—1985's *Secret Admirer* and 1988's *A Tiger's Tale*—in which she exposes her breasts in an automobile with **C. Thomas Howell**?

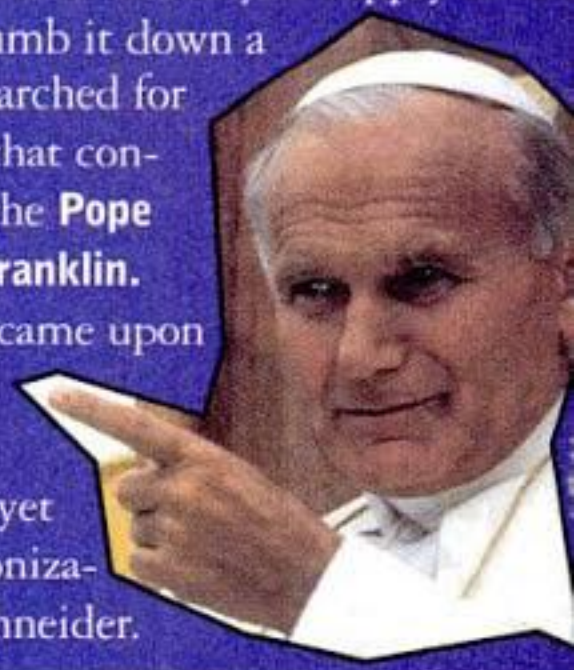
THE KING LEAR OF ROCK: Perhaps washed-up television producing icon **Norman Lear** missed his true calling. Within the last three years, three recording artists with ties to his shows have released major-label albums: **Janet Jackson** (Virgin Records' *Janet*; she played Penny on Lear's *Good Times*); **Danielle Brisebois** (Epic Records' *Arrive All Over You*; she played Stephanie on Lear's *All in the Family*); and **Lenny Kravitz** (Virgin Records' *Are You Gonna Go My Way*; he is the son of **Roxie Roker**, who played Helen on Lear's *The Jeffersons*). And with Meathead's directorial successes, word out of Hollywood is that Lear might remake *Thelma & Louise* as a blaxploitation flick, with Thelma from *Good Times* and Louise from *The Jeffersons*.

ERECTION-YEAR POLITICS: The presidential campaign of **Bob Dole** is cause for alarm in Iran, and not just because the irascible old geezer has little patience for Middle Eastern hotbeds of terrorism. "Dole" translates into "penis" in Farsi, which has headline writers in that off-with-his-head

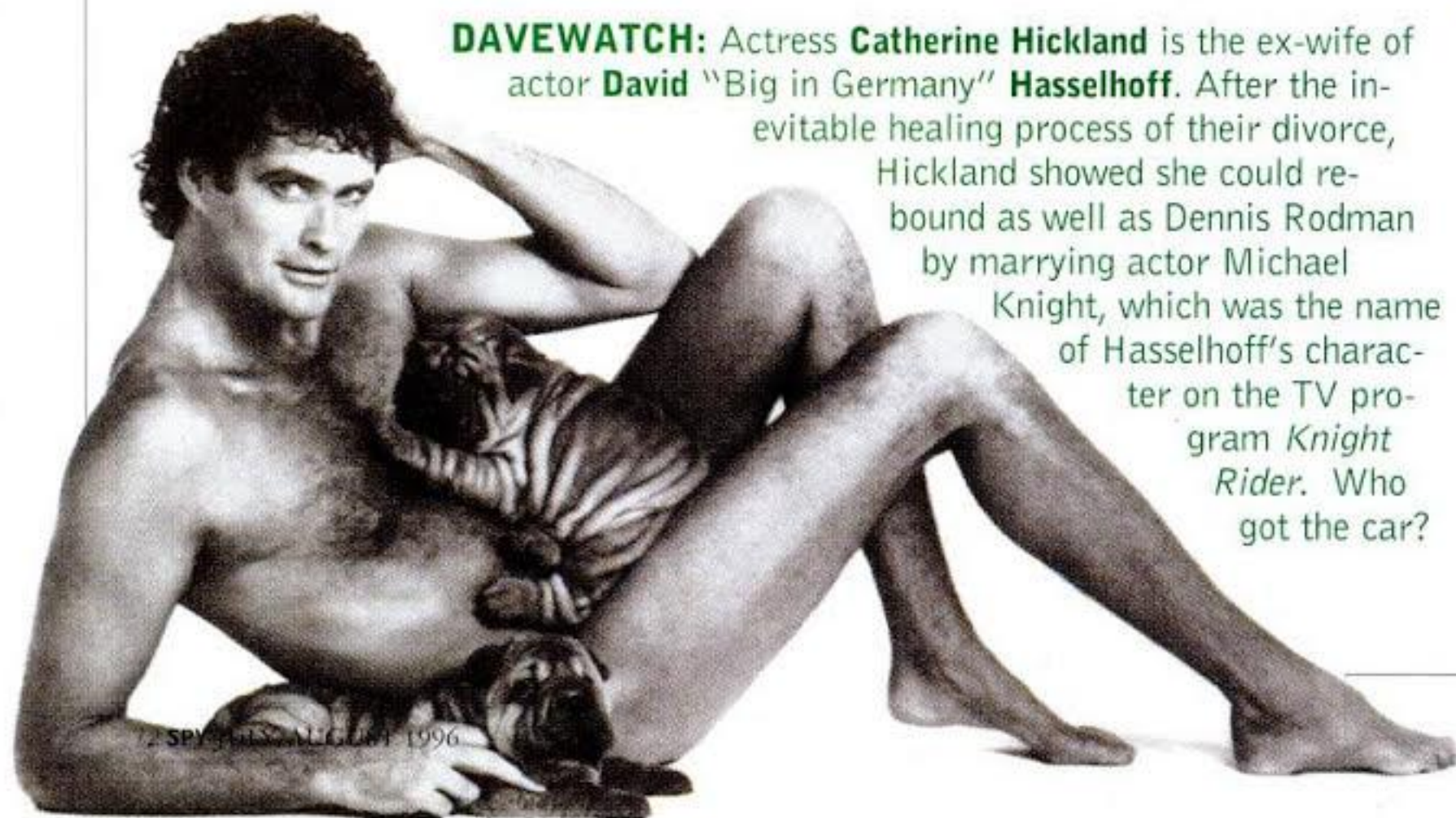
country very concerned. But we here at SPY can relate. "Spy" is Swedish for "puke." The definition of "spy" (pronounced "spee") in *A Comprehensive Swedish-English Dictionary* (published by Esselte Studium, 1989) reads: "vomit, throw-up, spew, belch forth."

O.J. VU: Los Angeles, 1993. A well-known African-American athlete, past his prime, is accused of a violent, antisocial act, then gets into his car and drives away. The press turns on him and his future looks grim—until a sharp Los Angeles lawyer, using all the skills at his disposal, manages to get him off. The athlete was then New York Mets outfielder **Vince Coleman**, accused of throwing a fire-cracker at a young girl outside of Dodger Stadium. The lawyer? **Robert Shapiro**.

ONE DEITY AT A TIME: Nexis is the ubiquitous and all-too-serious search-engine database of more than 400 newspapers and magazines, relied upon heavily by lazy journalists who don't like to leave their desks to get the story. But Nexis is only as sophisticated as the search-words you supply it. We decided to dumb it down a notch, and searched for news stories that concerned both the **Pope** and **Bonnie Franklin**. Results? We came upon three. No word from Vatican City yet as to the canonization of St. Schneider.



DAVEWATCH: Actress **Catherine Hickland** is the ex-wife of actor **David "Big in Germany" Hasselhoff**. After the inevitable healing process of their divorce, Hickland showed she could rebound as well as Dennis Rodman by marrying actor Michael Knight, which was the name of Hasselhoff's character on the TV program *Knight Rider*. Who got the car?



THE PHILADELPHIA ILLIES: Within two years of their 1993 World Series appearance, several Philadelphia Phillies became victims of serious diseases. First baseman **John Kruk** got testicular cancer, third baseman **Dave Hollins** got diabetes, and pitcher **Danny Jackson** got thyroid cancer. **Darren Dalton** got skin cancer. Outfielder **Jim Eisenreich** was already afflicted with Tourette's syndrome. Hey, who spiked the Gatorade?



THE HOT HEADS

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"Mr. Jenkins informs Sylvia that his crisp,
clear Tanqueray martini is only one of the things
he's able to see through this evening."



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